



War returns to Southeast Asia

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On the embattled Vietnamese border with Cambodia, one child survivor of a Cambodian attack feeds another. The picture was released last week by the official Hungarian New Agency MTI.

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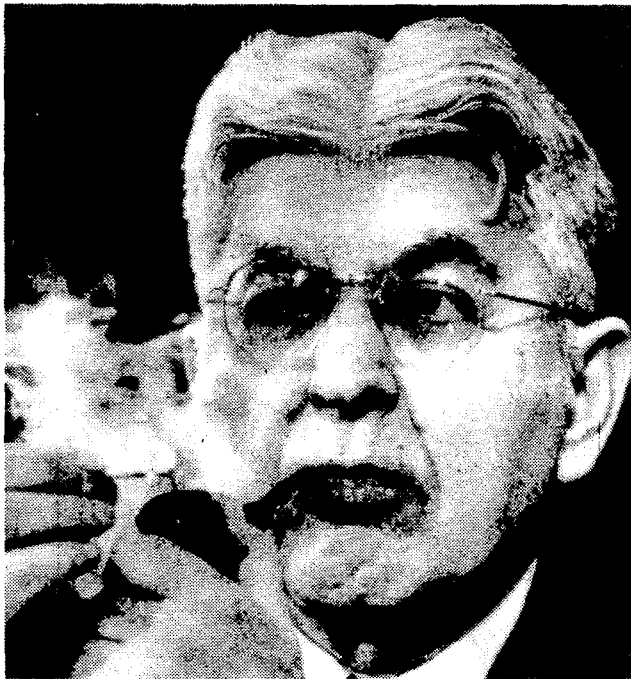
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THE INSIDE STORY

JOHN JUDIS



Arthur Burns

Arthur Burns vs. G. William Miller

In his year-long conflict with the Carter administration, Federal Reserve chief Arthur Burns won most of the battles, but he lost the war.

He got Carter to withdraw his \$50 tax rebate, to begin "talking up" rather than "talking down" the dollar, and even to drop his tax reform proposal in favor of simple tax reductions aimed at increasing business confidence.

But on Dec. 28, Carter announced he was nominating G. William Miller to replace Burns.

The decision to replace Burns reaffirmed an underlying philosophical difference that Carter's vacillations on specific programs had tended to obscure. Carter believes that through state action America's economy can be shaped to serve his political priorities, including reduced unemployment.

Arthur Burns has always believed that political priorities must take second place to the imperatives of the business cycle and business confidence, even if it means social hardship.

This difference on politics and economics led to Burns' dismissal by Carter. Far from being an isolated difference of opinion, it runs right through America's corporate and political leadership, and was the reason why the public debate around Burns' reappointment grew so heated.

The seeds of recession.

Burns was a student of business cycle theorist Wesley C. Mitchell, and he brought to his policymaking career, beginning with his appointment as head of Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisors, certain of Mitchell's key assumptions.

Burns believe that the business cycle was unavoidable. The purpose of government policy, Burns explained in a 1958 essay, was not to "prevent all contractions but rather to maintain an environment that curbs excesses from which recessions often spring and to keep such recessions as do occur from degenerating into severe depressions."

Like Mitchell, Burns believed that recessions could play a positive role by eliminating inefficiency and driving down wages and prices to the point where investment and expansion became profitable once more. He invoked this principle during the 1974-75 recession.

In intervening to stimulate expansion, Burns adopted Mitchell's emphasis on business confidence. If a government acted to discourage confidence, the recovery would be thwarted, such as occurred, according to Burns, in the '30s. Consequently, Burns favored fiscal measures that would increase profitability (e.g. investment credits) and opposed any measure that would hamper profits (e.g., tax reform).

He also adopted Mitchell's belief that the "seeds of

recession were in the previous recovery." If a recovery were artificially sustained, and inflation allowed to spiral, as happened, for instance, in the late '60s, then it could be expected that the recession would be more severe than usual.

If, as a consequence of these views, Burns found himself encouraging greater unemployment, or fighting against measure to redistribute income, he justified his position on the basis of economic necessity.

Attack on Carter.

Burns recognized that the present recovery has been weak, especially in terms of business investment. But he argues that policy has to be geared to stimulating investment without planting the seeds that would deepen the recession Burns expects in late 1978 or 1979.

Burns therefore followed what he saw as a "middle road." He advocated a tax cut for business to spur investment; he opposed Carter on raising the minimum wage, social security tax increases and tax reform because they would threaten profitability and endanger business confidence; and after expanding the money supply in the 1972 pre-election months, he applied the breaks on the money supply so that higher prices would not discourage business planning and precipitate a deeper recession later.

He paid little obeisance to the goal of full employment. No politician openly advocates unemployment, but Burns, it was clear, rejected any jobs program that might threaten wages and prices and therefore profits.

The conflict between Carter and Burns culminated last October. The Fed had for two consecutive months raised the interest rate on bank loans from the Federal Reserve and from each other. Burns took these actions to restrict demand and protect the value of the dollar overseas, but they also hindered business expansion by driving up the interest on bank loans to consumers and businesses. The Carter administration made an oblique but unmistakable attack on Burns.

Burns responded by advocating and winning another rise in bank interest rates, and on Oct. 26 he delivered a speech in Spokane, Wash., in which he attacked the Carter administration's legislative program for its effect on business confidence. It was probably at this point that Carter decided to can Burns in spite of his widespread business support.

The man from Providence.

Philosophically, in the tradition of the Roosevelts, Carter believes that through state action and informal co-operation between business and labor, class conflict can be limited and the extremes of capitalist irrationality allowed. In 1975, that means believing that unemployment can be reduced, social programs can be expanded, and business investment can be stimulated without creating rapid inflation, and, eventually, a sharp recession.

Carter's choice to replace Burns thinks this can be done.

G. William Miller was the president of Textron, a Providence, R.I.-based multinational corporation whose most well known product is Bell helicopters. His Democratic credentials are good. He has been active in Rhode Island Democratic party politics, except in 1972 when he backed Nixon. He served under John Kennedy as the chairman of the Industry Advisory Council of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. He was also chairman of the National Alliance for Businessmen, which seeks jobs for the "hardcore unemployed."

His corporate credentials are also impressive. He served six years on the Boston Federal Reserve Board, and he was the chairman of the Conference Board, a high level research and policy group among corporate

leaders. He was the choice of Carter's top business advisors, Dupont's Irving Shapiro and General Electric's Reginald Jones.

Like Carter, Miller is an advocate of active state intervention in the economy. In a speech last January to Pittsburgh's Traffic Club, entitled "The Not Impossible Goal: Full Employment and Price Stability," Miller rejected Burns' approach of letting high unemployment and tight money keep inflation down. "In today's climate," Miller said, "the nation is not prepared to suffer either the level of unemployment which would be needed or the length of time which would be sufficient to control inflation through this method."

Miller calls for increased monetary and fiscal stimuli, national manpower programs, and investment tax credits to get business to create new jobs. Citing a Conference Board article by MIT economist and fellow Boston Fed member Robert Solow, Miller charges that the dangers of an inflationary spiral resulting from these measures have been widely exaggerated. But if "mushrooms of inflation pop up," he favors "selective management" of investment, wages, and prices.

Having remarked on the unpopularity of such measures, Miller "does not propose to dwell on this point," but "selective management" is clearly as much on his agenda as it has been on Carter's. In a 1974 *Business Week* opinion piece, Miller advocated selective controls on investment credit according to the type of investment and a "two or three year moratorium on strikes with a requirement for arbitration of disputes."

Roadblocks ahead.

But philosophical differences and ambitious programs often pale before practical realities and political inexperience. While Miller and Carter would evidently like to steer a different course from Burns', they may not be able to.

They may not be able to rekindle private investment without much more drastic measures than they presently contemplate. The American investment slump is part of a worldwide trend among industrial capitalist nations, the result of growing overcapacity relative to demand. American private manufacturers upon whom Miller is counting to expand domestic employment have tended to invest their profits in labor-saving machinery or outside their own industries. Much more than investment credits would be necessary to get American steelmakers to expand their capacity, or to upgrade America's railroad services.

Miller's easy money policies are also likely to be constrained by the U.S. trade deficit. Carter tried to improve the American trade position by letting the dollar slide in value, but he backed down in December when the Saudis threatened to discontinue using the dollars as the medium of international oil payments. The conventional means to reverse trade deficits without devaluation or protectionist measures is to hold down domestic demand for imports and check credit through tight money policies, the course that Burns has followed.

In order to get American corporate heads to expand their businesses and to check the falling dollar without recourse to tight money policies, Miller and Carter would have to be prepared to intervene much more directly in the investment sphere and in wage and prices than Miller anticipated in his Traffic Club speech, or than Carter has been willing to discuss publicly. If they seek to do this, they will be met by widespread opposition from business and labor.

Carter's record for getting his programs adopted in the face of opposition is certainly not very good. Miller has had no political experience, and there is no reason that they could succeed at selling the heights of state capitalism where Carter could not even sell the lowlands.

IN THESE TIMES



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NUCLEAR

Exposed GIs in danger

By Michael Uhl
and Tod Ensign

Shortly before dawn on Aug. 31, 1957, 3,000 "volunteer" troops of the 82nd Airborne and 4th Infantry Divisions were roused from their tents in the desert of Yucca Flats, Nevada. Army "duece-and-a-halves" trucked them to within one and a half miles of ground zero—a 700-foot tower, atop which an atomic bomb would be detonated.

As the count down began, the GIs were ordered from their trenches, told to turn their backs on, in some cases, lie on the ground, and to cup their hands around their eyes. One battalion was instructed that they would actually see the bones in their fingers through their closed eyelids. This was "normal," they were assured; there was "no cause for alarm."

Then, a 44-kiloton bomb, twice the size of those used at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, temporarily eclipsed the rising sun.

When the dust, radioactive and otherwise, settled, the troops performed maneuvers in the contaminated area for two and a half hours.

The men wore ordinary uniforms, with film badges to register radiation exposure. Following the exercises, no ill effects attributable to the blast were reported, according to a recent Pentagon statement.

Now, 20 years later, evidence is accumulating that links exposure to radiation at the Yucca Flats test, code-named "Operation Smokey," with a statistically significant incidence of leukemia among the GIs present. Some evidence suggests that genetic birth defects may also be higher than normal among their children.

Leukemia victims.

The successful disability claim of a dying veteran, Paul Cooper, 43, of Emmett, Idaho, has prompted the belated formation of an inter-agency working committee in the federal government to direct a country-wide search for those who took part in Operation Smokey.

Officials report that of the 432 participants who have been located to date, at least six are known to be suffering or to have died from leukemia. The percentage is already several times the national average for men in a comparable age group.

Another victim, Donald Coe, a farmer from Tompkinsville, Ken., has filed a claim with the Veterans Administration in which he alleges that his leukemia is service connected. Coe provided the account of Operation Smokey described above.

A 25-year-old Pfc. at the time of the maneuvers, Coe, now married with seven children, told of his apprehension when he was selected for temporary duty at the Army's Camp Desert Rock. "They told me I was picked because of my security clearance. I didn't want to go, but I was forced to, even though the duty was described as voluntary. They said, 'There's nothing to be concerned about; we're just going to watch an atomic blast'."

Coe witnessed at least eight atomic "exercises" during his stay at the Nevada installation. "As I lay on the ground," he said of one experience. "I felt a wave of heat pass over my body. It felt like something hot was sticking to me." Despite the Defense department's claim that no ill effects were reported, Coe says he was hospitalized after the blast with severe headaches, dizziness and bleeding from the nose.

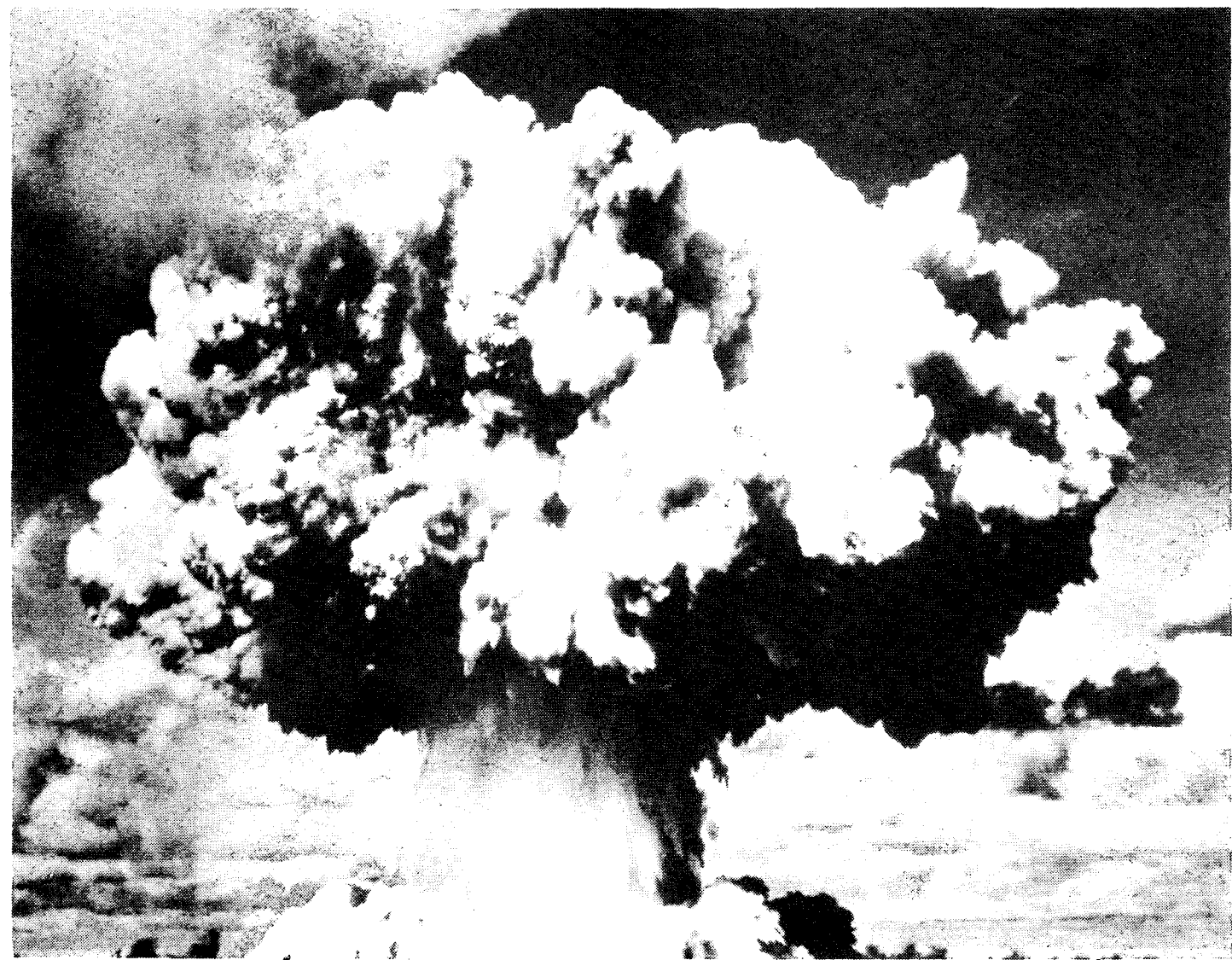
The VA maintains, however, that it cannot locate these hospital records. The agency also contends that Donald Coe absorbed no more radiation than the average person receives from a normal chest X-ray. Donald Coe's disability claim has been denied. He is currently appealing with the help of his Representative and the Disabled American Vets.

Disability demanded.

A West Coast peace organization, Another Mother for Peace, has also taken up Coe's cause. AMP has charged that



"There's nothing to be concerned about; we're just going to watch an atomic blast," the Army told Pfc Donald Coe (above with baby) in 1957 prior to "Operation Smokey." Now he has leukemia.



the Atomic Energy Commission and the Pentagon were guilty of "criminally inhuman actions in deliberately exposing hundreds of thousands of Americans to atomic bomb radiation." The group is demanding that the government provide service-connected disability payments to those suffering damage from the tests and death benefits to their families.

Between July 1945 and June 1976 the

U.S. detonated 588 atomic devices, including those used against Japan. The number of people exposed to radioactivity from these blasts may be quite high. Another Mother for Peace refers to "hundreds of thousands." But Dr. Glyn Caldwell of the National Center for Disease Control, which is investigating the epidemiological impact of Operation Smokey, puts the total number that may have been

exposed at two million.

In an interview with *IN THESE TIMES* Caldwell said that the preliminary search for Smokey victims has already taken a year. He predicts that the center will need another year to complete its polling and questioning of victims before it will be able to furnish a detailed report.

Michael Uhl and Tod Ensign work with *Citizen Soldier* in New York.

GAY RIGHTS

Gays will be hired by NYC

By Jim Marko

In his first full day as Mayor of New York City, Edward Koch promised an executive order to ban discrimination against homosexuals by the city government. The move would affect the hiring of police officers and firefighters, but not of teachers by the city's Board of Education, which already has a policy of non-discrimination.

The Coalition for Lesbian and Gay Rights (CLGR) in New York had demonstrated at Koch's swearing-in ceremony the day before the new mayor's surprising announcement and had handed him a letter calling for the "immediate" issuance of the executive order banning discrimination on the basis of "sexual orientation."

According to David Thorstad of the CLGR, Koch had promised to issue such an order in either his first 30 days in office or as one of his first ten executive orders.

There were some indications that the new mayor's quick action on the issue of discrimination against homosexuals came about with less purpose than it might have seemed. When asked about gay rights at that first-day news conference, Koch referred to the "existing order" as not being as broad as it should be.

As it was quickly discerned, there was no order concerning the hiring of gays. There had been, however, a 1972 order from the city personnel director, noting that in city hiring, it was against policy to consider "such factors as sex, private sexual orientation, age, race, color, religion, national origin, political or personal conviction..."

Gay activists have always viewed that order as weak and were pleased with Koch's decision to issue an order on gay rights "that will make certain, wherever the city can, that there may not be discrimination based on sexual orientation."

Counterattack.

The first attack on the Koch announcement came from one of the unions that would be most affected. Richard J. Vizzini, the president of the Uniformed Firefighters Association, issued a statement saying, "It is not my intention to



New York Mayor Edward Koch with Bess Myerson, the city Consumer Affairs Commissioner, celebrate Koch's mayoral victory.

In his first full day in office, New York City Mayor Edward Koch promised an executive order to ban discrimination against homosexuals.

offend individuals or tread on one's freedom of choice when I say for the good of the fire department, homosexuals should be excluded from fire service.

"Firefighters live in very close quarters, so close that if homosexuals were admitted to the department, we would have

to seriously consider providing separate bathrooms, shower, and living facilities for gays."

On the same day that Vizzini attacked the Koch proposal, new legislation that would prohibit discrimination against gays in employment, housing, and public ac-

comodations city-wide was announced. Newly-elected City Council President Carol Bellamy and Council members Henry Stern (L. Manhattan) and Robert Steingut (D. Brooklyn) said that the "changing climate" would result in enactment of a civil rights bill for gays.

HEALTH

Insulation can be dangerous

By Paul Shinoff
Pacific News Service

When Art Langer installed fiber-glass insulation in the attic of his suburban New York home, he followed the manufacturers' instructions and wore a long-sleeved shirt because the glass particles often cause itching and skin irritations. But Langer took one more step that the industry does not mention: he wore a Bureau of Mines-approved respirator to protect his lungs.

What did Langer know that the average do-it-yourself homeowner does not? Plenty.

Dr. Art Langer is a health scientist at the Mt. Sinai School of Medicine, perhaps the nation's most prestigious center for occupational health research. There, Langer has been collecting and studying the rapidly accumulating evidence that suggests that fiber-glass exposure can pose a serious health hazard—leading to lung disease and, possibly, cancer.

Rapidly rising costs of home heating fuels has created an unprecedented demand for home insulation products, drying up supplies in many parts of the country. Yet the potential health hazards associated with fiber-glass, the principal material used, has been ignored by both the industry and power companies who are promoting the product.

A recent national ad campaign by Owens-Corning gave detailed directions for the use and installation of its fiber-glass products, but failed to mention even the most common complaint of skin irritation.

Another major supplier, Johns-Manville, also downplays potential health problems. "Discussions of hazards have been highly over-exaggerated," says a company representative.

Rising home heating costs have led many people to insulate. Yet the potential health hazards have been ignored or downplayed.

In California, Pacific Gas and Electric (PG&E) sponsored an extensive ad campaign to encourage installation of home insulation. But in a phone call to company-sponsored question line, the PG&E adviser not only professed total ignorance of any associated health problems, but asked the reporter to pass along such information to him.

A number of animal tests conducted in the U.S. and Europe in the past decade

have shown that cancerous tumors can be caused by the ingestion or implantation of fiber-glass.

The first major study was begun in 1969 by Dr. Mearl Stanton of the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Md. The research was an extension of work Stanton had done to determine the relationship between asbestos and cancer.

Stanton knew that the asbestos fiber caused a rare but deadly form of cancer

known as mesothelioma. He did not know if the disease arose because of irritation by the fiber or as a result of its chemical composition.

If it was the chemistry, then asbestos could be considered a serious but isolated threat. But if the cancer was caused by irritation, then any breathable fiber of like shape and size could cause the disease. That would include not just fiber-glass, but a long list of durable synthe-

tics including acetates, acrylics, nylon, polyesters, rayon and teflon.

Stanton implanted fiber-glass particles in test rats. In 1973, when he completed his experiments, Stanton found that up to 18 percent of the animals had mesothelioma.

The industry disputes the methodology of the experiments, contending that with the exception of finely ground fibers, the glass particles are too large to reach the lungs. To pass through the breathing passages, a fiber must be extremely narrow, too small even to glimpse under an ordinary microscope.

A 1971 study on a University of California building site by Dr. W. Clark Cooper, however, showed that 20 percent of the insulation fibers found floating in the air were small enough to be ingested.

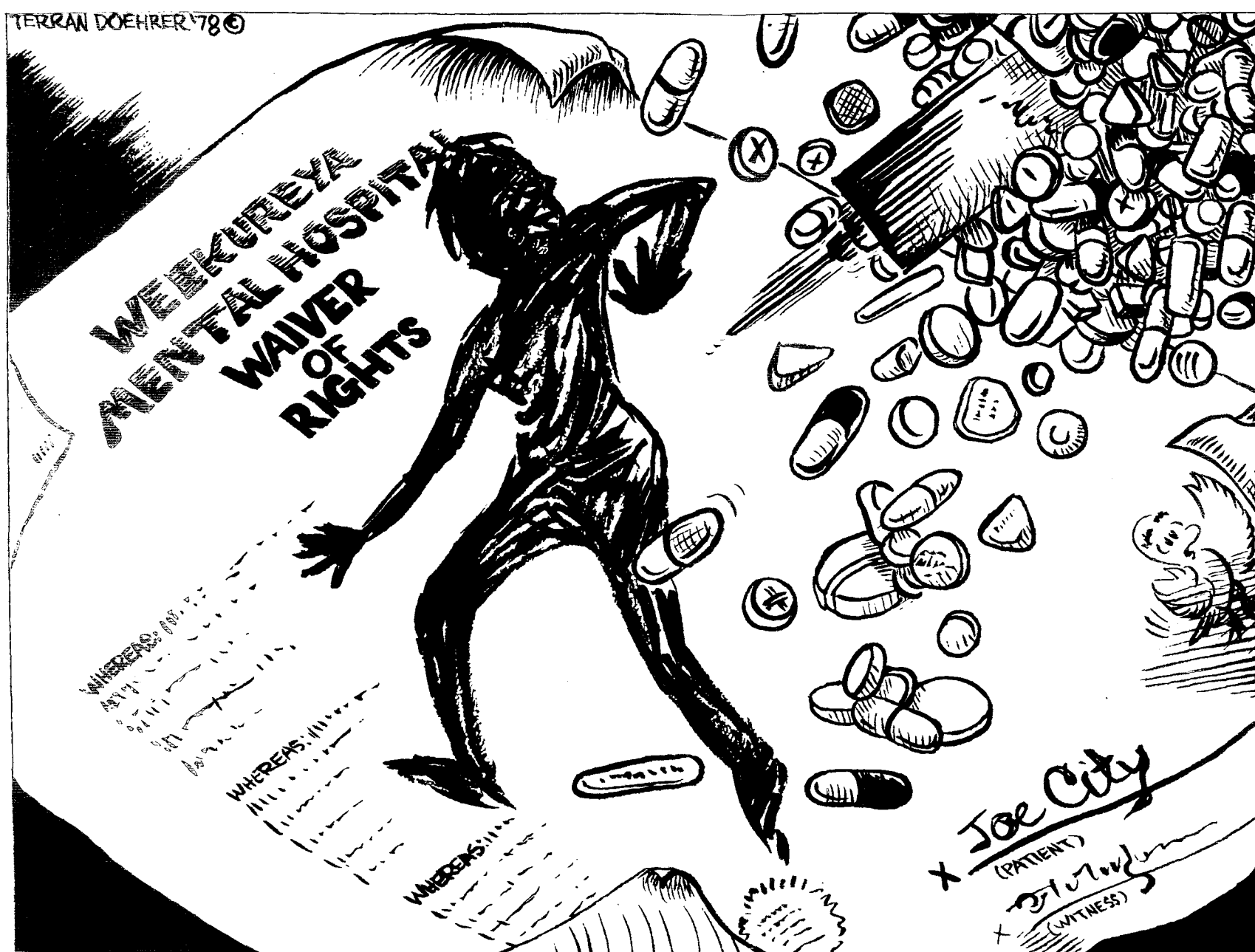
The potential harm that could come to occasional users of fiber-glass has not yet been determined. "I think there may be some risk to casual users," says Dr. Stanton, "but we really don't know."

When asked if he would wear protective breathing equipment if insulating his own home, however, Stanton did not hesitate. "Yes, the best kind I could get."

Paul Shinoff is a reporter specializing in occupational and environmental health issues.

HEALTH

Do mental patients have rights?



By Susan Abrams
Pacific News Service

BOSTON—Do mental patients check their constitutional rights at the hospital door? Do people whose ability to reason is doubted still have the right to refuse treatment when no emergency exists? Should psychiatrists be the sole arbiters of what is in a patient's "best interest," or do patients themselves have a stake in determining that? Simply put, does the law outside a mental hospital apply inside as well?

These are among key questions being raised in a landmark civil rights trial now underway in U.S. District Court here. The case, known as *Rogers v. Okin*, began Dec. 8 and is expected to last through February. A non-jury trial, it is presided over by federal Judge Joseph Tauro.

Rogers v. Okin is the nation's first class action suit on the right of mental patients to refuse treatment. Brought by seven present and former patients at Boston State Hospital (Rubic Rogers is a patient, Robert Okin is the state Commissioner of Mental Health), the suit charges 15 doctors with having forcibly medicated or secluded patients in non-emergencies during 1974 and part of 1975, violating both state law and their constitutional rights.

Describing such practices as "assault and battery" and "false imprisonment," the patient plaintiffs seek damages of \$1.2 million and the permanent extension of an injunction, in effect since April 30, 1975, prohibiting such practices.

While state laws vary on the rights of mental patients, *Rogers v. Okin* could set important precedents for defining the constitutional rights of mental patients nationally. If, for example, the outcome affirms the right of mental patients to refuse treatment, it could radically alter the traditional relationship between doctor and patient in which patients have little or no legally recognized role in determining treatment.

What is good treatment?

Richard Cole, Robert Burdick and Clyde Bergstresser, attorneys for the plaintiffs, plan to introduce many issues of broad applicability, some of them quite new.

Among them are:

- Does the use of mind-altering drugs violate the First Amendment by interfering with the right to formulate as well as to express ideas? Does it violate the right to privacy?
- Is involuntary treatment not only possibly unconstitutional but anti-therapeutic as well? Does it work against the feelings of independence and self-respect that treatment should foster as preparation for patients returning to the community?
- Is assaultive behavior, for which patients are restrained, sometimes caused by the hospital atmosphere? Is hospitalization making the patients sicker?
- What is the psychological effect on patients of forcing unwanted chemicals into their bodies?
- Does the right to treatment preclude the right to refuse treatment, or are the two rights compatible?

The seclusion rooms where the plaintiffs charge they were kept in non-emergencies measure six-by-12 feet, are locked and feature a mesh-covered window with a bare lightbulb left on continually. They contain only a plastic-covered mattress on the floor, no toilet, and are described as stinking of urine and feces. The scantily clad or nude patients are allowed no contact with other patients, no reading or other materials, no exercise.

The medications at issue are powerful anti-psychotic drugs that constitute the major treatment at many mental hospitals nationwide. While advocates point to their effectiveness in "reducing anxiety" and "re-establishing organized thought processes," opponents note the many possible side effects, including blurred vision, jerking of the limbs, inability to concentrate, drowsiness and difficulty in swallowing. Some, as in the condition tardive dyskinesia—a disease of the nervous system that damages the brain—may be irreversible.

Doctors doing the best they can.

In his opening statement to the court, assistant attorney general Stephen Schultz, who heads the defense team, denied that any of the doctors had either medicated or secluded patients against

their will except in emergencies. He cited numerous violent incidents on the part of the plaintiffs, ranging from setting themselves on fire to holding a knife to the throats of other patients.

Under the circumstances, he said, actions—like shouting—that might seem quite harmless in themselves were, in fact, a sign that a patient was going out of control. Staff had to intervene quickly. Schultz expanded the definition of psychiatric emergencies—a key issue—by noting that they "can be continuous."

Citing the inadequate staffing and resources on the wards—a matter of which the defendants had no control—Schultz asked the court to keep in mind that alternatives to medication and seclusion were not always available.

Working "under very trying conditions," handling patients who were "the most acutely psychotic in the Massachusetts mental hospital system," the doctors, according to Schultz, not only managed to cope but did, in fact, help many of the plaintiffs to improve.

The defense has also taken the position that many involuntary patients "cannot acknowledge their need for treatment, and frequently desire subconsciously the very medication and treatment they outwardly reject." They conclude that no constitutional right exists to refuse medication in a state mental hospital.

Schultz and his colleagues are also expected to emphasize the negative effects on patients of the current ban on non-emergency forcible treatment: those who refuse are denied treatment they need and other patients are in danger from them; physicians are unable to carry out their "legal obligations to treat"; staff is demoralized and tension runs high.

In a friend-of-the-court brief, Harvard Law School professor Alan A. Stone contended that drug treatments had vastly improved conditions in the nation's mental hospitals.

But Robert Plotkin, attorney for the Mental Health Law Project in Washington, D.C., which is assisting the plaintiffs, contends, "We are not talking about totally eliminating drugs in mental health treatment; we are talking about controlling a long list of well-documented abuses

against mental patients. Treating patients like human beings will not interfere with mental health treatment, it would enhance it."

2000 hours in seclusion.

Early testimony has focused on Donna Hunt, who spent more than 2,000 hours in seclusion during a 16-month period. Her attorneys charge she was frequently medicated against her will as "punishment for 'undesirable' behavior or speech and as part of a behavior modification treatment plan."

Mildly retarded, the 16-year-old patient, although never diagnosed as "psychotic," was placed on an adult psychotic ward where staff lacked training in the treatment of the retarded.

A key witness has been Dr. John Szyk, a second-year resident psychiatrist directly responsible for Hunt's treatment. Under examination by her attorneys he conceded that he had no training in the use of seclusion or anti-psychotic drugs on the retarded. Yet he had never sought consultation with experts, including one available within the same hospital. Moreover, he had never read Hunt's entire record, including reports by his immediate predecessor that she showed symptoms of tardive dyskinesia from the drug Mellaril. Szyk continued the dosages.

Dr. Szyk defended his competence, nevertheless, "to formulate a treatment program" for a retarded adolescent. He stated that he "could not have conceived of a better treatment program" for Hunt even if more resources had been available.

State law authorizes seclusion only where there is "the occurrence of or serious threat of extreme violence, personal injury, or attempted suicide." Hunt was often secluded for refusing to stay in her room, swallowing flip tops from soda cans or scratching her arms with them. While Szyk asserted such actions indicated Hunt was either out of control or suicidal, the other early witnesses called—aides or psychologists sympathetic to the plaintiffs—contended that Hunt's bizarre actions grew out of her desperate need for attention and personal support. ■ Susan Abrams has covered mental health issues for a variety of publications.

LABOR

Canadian clericals form union

VANCOUVER—Five years ago, when Elizabeth Godley couldn't get paid sick leave from the art gallery where she worked, she went to the Office and Technical Employees, the Canadian branch of the Office and Professional Employees union.

OPEU wasn't interested. They told her an office of 30 workers was too small to organize and that no sick leave after six months on the job was common in union contracts.

But Godley wasn't satisfied. She had read of a "Working Women's Association" in Vancouver, and began attending meetings, along with five other women who had similar experiences.

That small group has grown into an independent women's union, SORWUC—Service, Office and Retail Workers Union of Canada—with over 800 members.

SORWUC's successes were small at the beginning—the first contract in 1973 was with a law firm of only two employees. But in the summer of 1976 they began doing what the unions said could never be done: organizing Canada's banks. Today, they represent 700 workers in 22 bargaining units in British Columbia banks, have a number of certifications pending, and have begun negotiating what they hope will become a master contract.

While bank organizing is what has gained them the most publicity, and the most members, the union has been involved in a variety of other efforts. SORWUC Local #1 has won model contracts in small social service agencies, and their fourth strike recently entered its second month at a B.C. pub, cutting the establishment's business by 80 percent. A sister organization, AUCE, Association of University Clerical Employees, initiated by SORWUC women, has now unionized 3,000 college employees whose wages have almost doubled.

Becoming more practical.

SORWUC has remained independent from unions that have historically ignored women. But its recent growth is causing the union to become more "practical," says Godley, who is now its national secretary. That includes considering affiliation with the Canadian Labour Congress (CLC) for much-needed strike and financial support and making some revisions in its Constitution.

Before the Canadian Labour Relations Board (CLRB) approved SORWUC as a bargaining unit for the legal workers in 1973, the organization held educationals, walked picketlines and leafleted.

Leafletting is still a major part of their strategy. Standing in front of office buildings in the early morning hours, members pass out information comparing non-union to union wages (workers at a SORWUC credit union make \$875 a month to the bank workers' average of \$600-700). The pamphlets answer common questions like "Can I get fired for organizing?" and "Will I have to go on strike?" and talk about the value of women's work.

The union also tells of contract gains other than higher wages: full pay for maternity leave, two weeks paternity leave with pay, company subsidization of day care, union meetings on company time (so women with families can participate), employer-employee hiring committees, and excellent seniority and grievance procedures.

SORWUC calls itself a "union for working women," but that doesn't mean it's composed exclusively of women, says Linda Reed, a former bank worker who now devotes her time to the union. However, it does concentrate its organizing in traditional women's fields.

With women's movement.

The union also has a relationship to the women's movement in Canada. A statement by Local #1 to the British Columbia Federation of Women explained their

Vancouver's clerical union, SORWUC, has received "mixed" support from the local trade union movement. Some unions have given money to strikes and many individual union members have helped out. On the other hand, there have been some jurisdictional disputes with old line unions.



SORWUC has two paid staff members, including organizer Heather MacNeill, above, but it depends primarily on volunteer support from its members to make things work. Here volunteers stuff envelopes.

position that "inroads into traditional, male-dominated occupations...will not of themselves end the social and economic inequality and oppression experienced by women." It spoke of the "imperative" to gain a power base rather than to organize solely around the social demands of the movement, such as rape reform and an end to educational stereotyping.

"SORWUC is seen as a 'movement union, and it attracts all sorts of leftwingers and people interested in social reform," says Godley. Although they may not be actual members, such supporters often help out in the office, a big boost to an organization that has only recently been able to pay two staff members, President Jean Rands and UBW (Union of Bank Workers) organizer Heather MacNeill.

The familiar problems of organizing women still exist. As Godley explains, "One of the main problems in the bank organizing is the paternalism. A woman sees her boss or her supervisor as a benevolent figure who will look after her. Often the first person a woman asks about joining a union is her boss.

"We also run into women who've belonged to unions that were run by men and they never want to again, as well as women whose husbands don't think they should," she continues. "But then you meet some incredible women, older women who say 'I've been waiting for this for 20 years.'"

Mistrust of male-dominated unions with headquarters in the U.S. is common among office workers who fear that "joining a union means less, not more, control over your life." It was a reason for SORWUC's birth, and problems with the organized labor movement continue to plague the union.

Godley says they've received "mixed" support from the trade union movement. Some unions have given money to their strikes and individual union members

have walked the picketline.

There have been jurisdictional problems with the OPEIU (Office and Professional Employees International Union) and the Hotel and Restaurant Employees Union. The latter began an organizing drive at a SORWUC struck pub, but criticism from the B.C. Federation of Labor aborted the attempt.

SORWUC was formed because these unions weren't organizing women. "Women are the only people left to organize—in offices, banks, retail stores and restaurants, everyone else is organized," says Godley, adding that B.C.'s militant labor history has led to a high standard of living. She points out that the OPEIU has not attempted to organize banks since it was turned down 15 years ago in a branch with only three employees.

"It's all very well for them to say we're encroaching on their territory, but they've done nothing." Look at their records, she says bluntly, "you can see that they're paying more to park the president's car than to organize.... And," she concludes, "they want to keep their jobs."

Since SORWUC's breakthrough at the banks, however, the CLC has established a committee to conduct a national bank organizing drive. The move indicates that the CLC will probably ignore SORWUC's request for financial assistance and that jurisdiction may be granted to one of its affiliates, which include the OPEIU, the Retail Clerks and the Steelworkers.

SORWUC bank workers have expressed interest in affiliation with the CLC if the union could be assured of financial support and organizational autonomy. But CLC is only interested if SORWUC would affiliate with an existing union (such as the OPEIU), or as a directly chartered local of the CLC.

SORWUC's rapid growth has led to changes in the union. One involves the number of terms that the union's president can serve. Originally it was to be only one one-year term, but a referendum

vote changed it to three. The concern of the Constitution drafters was to stop bureaucracy at the top, to ensure that officers would not be people who hadn't worked in 20 years. Facing such a formidable opponent as the banks, they began to realize that an experienced president is essential to contract negotiations.

"Actually," says Godley, "people see this as the thin edge of the wedge. Now it's three, soon it will be seven, then ten, then 20."

Another recent change was the hiring of a paid organizer. One concept fundamental to SORWUC was that women should organize themselves rather than relying on people from the outside, who in the past often were men. Again, necessity and the fact that MacNeill is a former bank worker with experience in AUCE changed the union members' minds.

Despite these limited changes, the union's structure remains very democratic; locals are autonomous, and major decisions are made by referendum.

The situation with the bank workers is more complex, especially given the CLC's recent move. SORWUC has been organizing the banks branch by branch under a 1976 CLRB ruling. They probably could never have gotten anywhere otherwise. But now the banks say that they must negotiate branch by branch, a tiresome task that puts the idea of a master contract in question and makes striking almost impossible.

The Royal Bank, however, is contesting the branch by branch decision. If upheld by the courts, it would force SORWUC into a regional organizing drive. If SORWUC is able to pull off such a drive, it would make moot the piecemeal negotiations and strengthen their bargaining position immeasurably. But that is a big if—one that also depends largely on what happens with the CLC's organizing drive.

Michelle Celarier is a free-lance writer in Seattle.

Random Samples

Send in those cans

The Environmental Action Foundation has announced a national campaign to send thousands of empty, non-returnable cans to President Carter at the White House to demonstrate support for national deposit legislation.

EAF wants legislation to reduce the use of non-returnable bottles and cans. They encourage citizens to attach labels to non-returnable cans and mail them to the President as a symbol of their support. They cite large energy savings, lower consumer costs and reduced litter from such a law. Four states have adopted deposit laws—Oregon, Michigan, Maine and Vermont.

County, U.S.A.' it would be less troublesome," Chapnick says. "The film is a beautiful lyric poem. The interweaving of historical footage with the present is masterful... The film clearly deserves the wide audience it is attracting. Indeed, it may serve to educate its mass audience about workers' problems and corporate arrogance and deceit. But, it also will reinforce anti-organized labor attitudes and the belief that places like Harlan County are isolated and unusual.

"More importantly, it will mislead people who are ready to struggle. It creates the illusion that a large and powerful organization (union or party) is not required. ...It omits the interplay between the or-

"a very high margin of profit of about 400 percent," Fernandes said. Over the last 25 years the company has shipped more than \$12.5 million back to the U.S. "by way of imports, profits, home office and service charges."

Socialized baseball

Socialized baseball has come to Visalia, Calif., *Rural America* recently reported.

When the New York Mets pulled out their farm team Visalia was left without any ball team. Unable to attract another club, Visalia's city council bought the city a franchise from the Minnesota Twins. The Twins would supply the players and manager and pay their salaries, while the city would meet all other expenses, including equipment and travel. A budget of \$87,000 for the first year was approved and the Visalia Oaks were born.

Up, up and away

The Energy Action Educational Foundation, in a September report that garnered little public attention, revealed that profits for the top 21 oil companies in the first six months of 1977 were greater than the profits for the same companies for all of 1972, the last year before the Arab oil embargo.

The study showed that in a period when profits for these companies were increasing by 103 percent, earnings of the average American worker increased by only 38.5 percent, and that workers faced energy price increases ranging from 77.4 percent for gasoline to 140.4 percent for fuel oil.

The EAEF can be contacted at 1523 L St. NW, Washington, DC 20005.

By any other name it still kills

Reporters for the American Forces European Radio and Television Network in Germany have accused American military officials of meddling in their news operations, the *L.A. Times* reported Jan. 4.

At issue is a dispute over the "proper" way to refer to the neutron bomb. The bomb is generally described as capable of "killing people without destroying buildings," a description used by the American Forces network until mid-December, when military officials decided that the description added to generally negative reaction to the neutron bomb's possible deployment in Europe.

Broadcasters were first encouraged to use the term "enhanced radiation device," and finally permitted to call it simply "neutron bomb" without further description.

No sale

Opposition to the sale of the South African gold coin, the Kruggerand, is growing in the U.S. Jan. 1 the brokerage firm of Merrill Lynch ceased sales of the coin in all its offices.

Bill Clark of the company's corporate relations department in New York said that the decision was "not a political decision," and came because the company found it "economically unfeasible" to sell gold coins.

But opponents to Kruggerand sales, like the Eugene-based People for Southern African Freedom, challenged that explanation. "There's been a growing protest movement against the Kruggerand," said Bob Guldin of PSAF. "The city councils of Portland and other cities have condemned its sale, TV stations have been refusing to advertise it, and Merrill Lynch in Eugene was picketed twice in recent months. We think it's a political decision but they can't admit it."

Similar efforts have taken place all over the country, directed both at Merrill Lynch and at other stores that sell the coin.

From the other side

On Dec. 13 the Mexico City newspaper *Excelsior* carried an interesting page one account of testimony from Mexicans who had been imprisoned in the U.S. and returned to their native country under a much publicized exchange program:

"Thirty-six Mexican prisoners, reintegrated into our country's prisons by the exchange agreement with U.S. prisoners, yesterday gave most impressive accounts of the cruelty and sadism they experienced during their captivity in the neighbor country's prisons.

"They were welcomed back to Mexico with a dinner and presented to the press yesterday, and expressed their joy at having left what they called the 'inferno of gringo jails'."

"In a wheelchair in front of the group was Esteban Santoyo Paredes, ex-inmate of the Hanford (Texas) prison, who when made to do forced labor in the prison had an accident falling from the fourth floor while carrying a sack of cement. He suffered fractures from which he has not recovered because he was not given medical attention, but was sent back thus fractured to continue working in the prison kitchen. He cannot use his arms to push the wheelchair.

"Most of the men were tried and sentenced by U.S. judges for robbery and offenses against health. One, Estaban Mendoza Reza, was sentenced to 100 years in prison for the homicide of his girlfriend. Here, in accordance with the maximum penalty under our law, the sentence will be 40 years of which he has already served nine.

"Homosexuality, racial discrimination against Mexicans, drug traffic and sadism are commonplace in these prisons, they said. The wardens set dogs on the inmates for the slightest fault and submit them to cruel beatings. They also said that the Mexicans Juan Cuellar and Margarito Caceres were hung (ahorcar-execute) by the wardens of a Texas prison 'only because they were Mexicans.'"

(Translation courtesy of Cedric Belfrage)

Cheaper to live in sin

Those of you working people out there "living in sin" may have to stay there for a while longer. Jan. 9 the U.S. Supreme Court refused to decide whether current income tax laws unfairly discriminate against married couples while rewarding wage earners who live together but remain legally single.

The Court left standing a lower court's decision denying relief to two Indiana couples who had protested the "marriage penalty" in present tax laws.

Currently, married couples are taxed at the rate applicable to the sum of both salaries, while single people living together are taxed only on their own salary, usually at a lower rate.

Efforts to eliminate the "marriage penalty" are now up to Congress.

Table's turned

Finally, things are a little different among the Khasi people in the tribal state of Meghalaya.

For one thing, the newly-wed husband moves into his wife's home and takes her family's name. Once there, the husband can't count on being secure in his marriage until his wife gives birth to a baby girl.

If only boys are born to the couple, the Khasi husband is eventually asked to leave.

—Compiled by Doyle Niemann



Oregon, which enacted the first law in 1972, reports widespread consumer acceptance, reduction in roadside bottle and can litter of 83 percent, and a net increase in jobs.

Legislation to enact a national deposit system is pending in Congress; the Senate Commerce committee will hold hearings on the bill January 25-27.

EAF can be contacted at The Dupont Circle Building, Suite 724, Washington, DC 20036.

Harlan County anti-union

A new criticism has arisen of the Academy Award winning film *Harlan County*. Ellen Chapnick, a former United Mine Workers staff member, writing in the *Mountain Eagle* of Whitesburg, Ky., says the movie, while beautiful and moving, is ultimately fraudulent.

"The film teaches that if a small group of workers and their families are tough enough, brave enough and persistent enough, their demands will be met. By extension, one could reason that if many such groups waged campaigns, corporate and state power would yield. It simply is not going to happen that way. Nor did it happen that way in Harlan County," Chapnick says.

The filmmakers, she says, "totally ignored the massive contribution of a rich, powerful, international trade union, the United Mine Workers of America, to the struggle in Harlan County." The UMW, she says, dedicated over \$2 million and thousands of staff hours to winning a contract for the miners at two small mines in the county.

Chapnick cites a variety of ways that the UMW aided the miners in Harlan—from direct aid to public relations and political pressure. "The state troopers seen early in the film are gone in later scenes because the Union put political pressure on the newly elected governor of Kentucky and not because the baseball bats and the curses of the picketers drove them away," she says.

"If the film were titled 'Ode to Harlan

organization and the members.... If we learn the wrong lessons, we are doomed to repeat our errors and thereby to fail," concludes Chapnick.

Klan 1, ACLU 0

The Ku Klux Klan is taking credit for weakening the American Civil Liberties Union, according to a recent letter to Klan supporters, obtained by the Southern Institute for Propaganda and Organization in Louisville, Ky.

In a pre-Christmas letter KKK national director David Duke listed the weakening of the ACLU among the Klan's major accomplishments during 1977. "By our pressing of the suit for the White Klan servicemen at Camp Pendleton and elsewhere, we have caused the basically anti-White ACLU to lose 40 percent of their support," wrote Duke.

Other cases that have caused the ACLU to lose support have included its defense of the rights of Nazis to march in predominantly Jewish Skokie, Ill., and for the Klan to hold a rally on a public school ballfield in southern Mississippi.

No Coke for India

Rather than let Indian shareholders in on its secret formulas, the Coca-Cola Company is preparing to pull completely out of the world's second most populous country.

The Indian government has adopted a policy requiring multinational companies operating in "low priority areas" such as soft drinks to transfer 60 percent ownership and the "know how" to operate to Indians. But the fully American owned company that distributes Coke in India has indicated that it will shut down its 22 bottling plants before it will part with the "trade secret" of its drink formulas.

George Fernandes, Indian Minister of Industry, pointed out to the Indian parliament that Coca-Cola offers a good case study in why the government wants to "Indianize" beverage manufacturing.

Starting with an investment of slightly more than \$100,000 in the early '50s, Coke sold concentrates to bottlers with

IN THE WORLD

Two South Africans from the island

By Hilda Bernstein
"It was cold in winter, with the fog low over the island, and the south-easter blowing across the bay."

Cape Town's winter south-easter can make you cling to railings, can toss cars across streets. Robben Island, a rocky outcrop at the entrance to Cape Town's beautiful harbor, is a penal colony. Black political prisoners from all over South Africa and from Namibia are sent there.

Mac Maharaj was on the island for 12 years, Indries Naidoo for ten. I knew them both before they went to jail. Recently they were in London and talked of life on the island.

Cut off from world.

Over the years conditions changed. Overt brutality, torture and mass assaults were a common feature of life on the island during the '60s. But protests and action from the prisoners themselves, from people inside South Africa and in other countries, including the UN and the Red Cross, brought changes. The prisoners even used hunger strikes to try to end brutal treatment; a number were charged with "endangering their own health" and given additional sentences.

Mac: "Physical conditions improved, but in other respects there is increased severity and deprivation, and intensified efforts to demoralize the men. More and more we are cut off completely from the outside world, even from family and friends. I once received a letter where all that was left was the address of the sender. The entire letter had been cut away, the gaps between what had been paragraphs held the whole piece together, and at one end was the signature of the sender. But that counted as a letter received, when I was allowed only one every six months."

"At first they cut letters going out of Robben Island in the same way. But now they make it seem as though they have not been censored. They make us rewrite them, leaving out certain sections, and if, after the second or third time, they are not satisfied, they won't send it. But the letters we receive—they just use the scissors."

Years to worry.

In South African jails political prisoners are not permitted to have news of any kind—no newspapers or magazines with news, no letters that contain anything other than personal family matters; no radio. Visits are harshly supervised and any remark other than purely family affairs will terminate the visit. A visitor may not say: There's been an earthquake in Iran, or an election in England, or a new president in the United States. The isolation from the world must be total.

Indries: "It is being deprived of all news, the isolation from world events, that we on the island find very hard to take. And when you're not even allowed to know what is happening to members of your own family...we had years of time to worry..."

Indries' sister Shanti was detained in solitary confinement for more than a year, deprived of sleep and interrogated continuously for three days and nights until she suffered hallucinations; then brought to court as a witness in a case involving Winnie Mandela and others. Shanti refused to testify against her friends, was sent back to jail, but eventually was released and now lives in London.

The Naidoo home in Johannesburg, a rambling old house, was crammed with extended family and political activists. T.N. Naidoo, the father of Indries and Shanti, was an adopted son of Mahatma Gandhi. Ama Naidoo, the mother, looked after young and old, the celebrated, the unknown, of all races. Hospitality was extended to all. Now the house is silent, the family is scattered.



Hilda Bernstein

On Robben Island, a rocky outcrop at the entrance to Capetown's harbor, Mac Mararaj and Indries Naidoo lived in isolation as political prisoners.

The Prisons Act places an obligation on the authorities to keep a prisoner in contact with his family, and the Commandant has power to inform prisoners of what is happening to their families.

Mac: "But they don't inform you. Nelson [Mandela] had a rough time when his wife Winnie was arrested. He knew nothing of the trials; it was nearly two years before she was permitted to visit him again. Last year Walter [Sisulu] asked the Commanding officer for permission to write to his wife to find out if his daughter had been detained. (This was during the children's revolt in Soweto). The answer was: You show me how you got news that your daughter was detained. They wouldn't let the letter go. This can be a killing kind of anxiety. You worry, what has happened to your wife, what has happened to your children. It builds up tremendous tensions."

"When my wife Tim visited me she told me she was leaving the country on an exit permit. I then asked the CO, as she is leaving, please let me combine my next three or four letters (each letter is limited to 500 words) so I can deal with all sorts of problems, misunderstandings between us. He said: Yes, it was okay. I wrote a five-page letter and was assured it had been sent. All those years I believed she had received it and perhaps understood...until I came here. Yes, she had received bits and pieces of my letter, all cut up. She never knew what I had really wanted her to know."

We still said 'we'.

The prisoners on the island are housed in different, separate sections. There are about 40 single-cell prisoners, including all the leading people like Mandela, Sisulu, Mbeki; each cell is seven by seven-and-a-half feet, opening into a yard. Single-cell prisoners may never work near or speak to those kept in the communal cells.

These large cells are in turn divided into sections: one for general prisoners; a separate section for those convicted under the Terrorism Act; another section for prisoners from Namibia, who are not allowed to have any contact with South African prisoners; and now a fourth communal section, for those recently sentenced (there has been a spate of political trials) obviously to prevent the long-term prisoners from hearing news from outside. Mac was in a single-cell, Indries in a communal cell.

Indries: "We were 80 or 90 in a cell built for no more than 25. We tried to maintain the utmost discipline. We formed a committee but this was declared illegal. We were never allowed to speak on behalf of others. When we made a complaint it had to be 'I,' but still we said 'We.' Then they wouldn't listen to us. We never forgot for one moment what was the purpose that had brought us to prison. We came from different organizations, but we had to learn to stand together as prisoners."

Work as punishment.

Long years of isolation on the island could be made endurable only by work and study. But the work in itself was a punishment, and study became a weapon used willfully by the prison authorities.

Mac: "In the single cells our first job was knapping stones with a four-pound hammer. Every day we were taken from our cells into the enclosed yard, and there we sat in the same place week after week. We never saw the outside world, never a blade of grass, just the quadrangle into which our cells led, and a patch of sky. We were spaced out, never permitted to speak."

"We objected to the work, and eventually we were sent to work in the lime quarry, pick and shovel and wheelbarrows. We worked there for eight years, although we had been told it was only for a short time. In the end, the Commissioner gave an undertaking to the Red Cross that he would stop this work; the following year he solemnly informed them that it had been stopped. That was in 1967 and '68—but we were in the quarries until 1973. Then they sent us to a selected place, out of sight of the other prisoners, to collect seaweed, and this alternated with spells in the quarry."

Indries: "For the first five years most of us worked in the quarries. We had to break stones, to fulfill a certain quantity of work each day. If not, we were punished at the weekend by the deprivation of three meals."

"In the first years many of us had this punishment. I for one was never able to fulfill my quota. It was impossible. Others helped me, or I would steal from yesterday's stones. In 1971 the quarries were flooding, they were now below sea level. So we were employed bringing stones from the quarries to the prison yard itself. Quarry work now is supposed to be only a form of punishment."

Restrictions on study.

Study became almost more necessary than food. By a court ruling in 1973, study, together with smoking, games and sport, were regarded as "comforts" or "mere privileges," and not as necessities. This meant they were absolutely at the discretion of the authorities who soon understood the importance of study to their literate prisoners.

For the single-cell men in particular, and the better-educated, study was a total necessity, a means of keeping sane.

But there are arbitrary rules. No post-graduate studies are permitted—a tantalizing restriction on professional men. In the field of undergraduate studies, all law subjects are prohibited, as are science and political science, all foreign languages, even some South African languages.

There are also prohibitions on various types of diplomas, restrictions on some specific colleges, only prescribed (and not "recommended") books permitted, and these often held back for weeks or months or totally. And money for studies may not come from friends in South Africa or abroad, only from the next-of-kin.

All prisoners are in one of four grades, "A" being the highest, "D" the lowest category. In D there are few privileges and one letter may be received and written and one visit, every six months. In C it becomes three months, and so on up the scale. Even murderers are not automatically graded D—but all political prisoners are D; they stay there for years—some for their whole time in prison.

Eventually, after years of protest and struggle, the authorities began to promote them, but then this became a new punishment. The disciplinary rules are complex but there are more than 20 categories of insubordination including dis-

Continued on page 10.

SOUTH AMERICA

Chile's public health is failing fast

By Charles Rooney
On Aug. 22, the *New York Times* published an article by Juan de Onis, its correspondent in Spanish-speaking South America, reporting the progress achieved in Chile in providing milk to improve the nutrition of children. A doctor identified as a long-time public health official who also served under the Allende administration, eulogized the military regime's improvements over the Allende government and implied that this program was a measure of the concern of the Chilean junta for the good health of the poor.

Within days, several eminent physicians from the American Public Health Association Task Force on Chile submitted a "Letter to the Editor" contesting the claims made in the de Onis article. The *Times* declined to publish their letters.

This minor incident highlights the difficulty of communicating the everyday horror lived by the vast majority of the population in Chile and the whole "southern cone" of South America.

Severe malnutrition.

Food consumption has dropped precipitously in Chile since 1973. In June 1975, the junta's own Ministry of Health reported that low income families were spending more than 70 percent of their income for food, compared with 54 percent in 1968-9. An only slightly more independent source, the magazine *Ercilla*, reported in August 1975 that a white collar employee with a family of four was spending 87 percent of his wages on food.

This was equivalent, in U.S. money, to 35¢ per person per day. It provided a diet of only half the minimum calories and 10 percent less than the minimum protein recommended by the World Health Organization. And more than 200,000 workers earn the minimum wage, which is 30-40 percent less than this white-collar wage. The cost per month of the "minimum food basket" for this group is two and a half times greater than their monthly wage.

Dr. Giorgio Solimano, of the APHA Task Force on Latin American Health Workers, remarked recently in Congressional testimony: "Given the gross inequality of income which exists, the level of nutrition of the poor must be appallingly low." The effect of this sharp decrease of food consumption on public health is easy to imagine.

The malnutrition of the very young has come to public attention from a source that is indisputable and highly embarrassing to the junta. Church-sponsored lunch programs for 29,600 children in the Santiago area in 1976 found the malnutrition rate was 61.5 percent. Severe malnutrition was found in as many as a quarter of the children examined at some centers.

Health care a luxury.

One startling statistic that suggests the health care crisis in Chile is the 19 percent decline in medical visits to out-patient clinics in provinces with the highest mortality rates. What accounts for this trend in a time when nutritional deficiencies suggest the need for more health care rather than less?

One of the junta's first priorities was to dismantle the world-renowned National Health Service, established in 1952, and replace it with a fee-for-service system. Community participation in health care decision-making, which in Chile was extremely well developed, was eliminated. All programs, even to the most needy, have been uniformly cut back.

All of these cutbacks have combined with massive inflation and massive unemployment to make health care a luxury available to only those few who can afford it. With the decontrol of prices, it is estimated that in the first year of military rule families in the lower income levels lost 75 percent of the purchasing power they had during the Allende government! With unemployment running at 20 per-

cent or worse, health care that is fee-for-service effectively does not exist for the poor. The President of the Chilean Medical College, Dr. Ernesto Medina, estimates that "two-thirds of the Chilean population are not able to pay the very high cost of medical care in Chile at the present time."

Doctors emigrate.

The number of physicians in Chile has dropped from 6,600 in 1973 to 5,000 in February 1975. With salaries from \$200 to \$500 per month, some MDs are leaving the country.

One thousand doctors have left and 119 were assassinated between Sept. 11, 1973, and August 1974 through intense repression against leftist physicians by the Chil-

ean secret police (DINA) supported by Medical Association collaborators. At least 250 of the 500 medical graduates in 1976 were unemployed and presumably emigrated. This is a particularly tragic loss in a nation with drastically increasing health care needs.

Ironically, the U.S. government aid that looks the most "clean," the PL 480 Food for Peace Program, has contributed to continuing malnutrition for the poor. Title I funds provided credits to the junta in 1975 totalling \$57.7 million (versus \$9 million to the rest of Latin America with 30 times Chile's population). The junta sells this wheat to local merchants who in turn sell it at a big profit. With low purchasing power, the poor are least likely

to get this wheat. Title II grants do reach the needy, but often as "fringe benefits" to those earning less than minimum wage, thereby making this exploitation more acceptable.

The overall impact of this "aid" is to encourage dependence on American wheat while devoting agricultural land to cash crops for export. Unfortunately, the profits from this trade are more likely to be spent for the attractive luxury goods flooding the Chilean "free market" than on reinvestment in agriculture. The net effect is to further improve the standard of living of the small minority at the expense of the great majority.

Charles Rooney is a professor of community medicine at Wayne State University in Detroit.

Some voted 'no' in Pinochet's plebiscite



Opponents of Chile's Pres. Augusto Pinochet demonstrate in Santiago Jan. 3 in support of a 'No' vote in the next day's plebiscite on the Pinochet regime's human rights conduct. Pinochet got 75 percent of the vote.

Africa

Continued from page 9.

respect, negligence at work, conversing without permission, singing, whistling, lodging a false or frivolous complaint, acting in a way contrary to good order and discipline. Punishment can be solitary confinement, spare diet, corporal punishment, together with demotion into a lower category. But if demoted, for any reason, you lost the right to study.

Mac: "They knew how important our studies were to us. There always seemed to be an excuse—some trivial offense; you were charged, sentenced, then deprived of studies for the rest of the year. Particularly when it came to examination time this seemed to happen. So you lost 200 to 300 rand in fees and couldn't write your exams.

"There were always tremendous difficulties in getting prescribed books. Sometimes a book would arrive, was approved and passed by the censor, but just held back. Then another year would pass before you could write your exam.

"One chap had the Oxford dictionary taken from him because he could not prove it was a book prescribed for his course."

Racial discrimination.

South African prison regulations lay down different scales of rations for the various racial groups, and between males and females in each category. Colored and Indian prisoners have a ration

of bread each day. Before 1972, Africans were not given any bread, and now their total break ration is 112g twice weekly. Indians have a ration of jam or syrup and 60g of sugar each day; Africans, no jam or syrup, and a sugar ration of 45g.

Mac: "Racial discrimination in the prison is its most humiliating aspect. They give you different clothes, different diet. But on the island we were all blacks, we lived together, we worked together, we suffered together, we were even in the same cells together—but still there is this discrimination.

"We sit in the quadrangle eating the same meal, side by side; but I have a full tablespoon of sugar on my porridge and the African next to me only a half; I am given bread every day, he is given only a soft, watery pap (a porridge made from cornmeal)—for years the Africans were not permitted even a scrap of bread. But it was illegal for me to share one speck of sugar or my piece of bread with my African comrade.

"In winter we were given long trousers, shoes and socks and a felt hat. The Africans had open sandals, no socks and shorts all year round. (NB: Long trousers are now being issued to them.) You are there, side by side. You come under the same lash. But then there is this terrible discrimination—no one can conceive how bitter it is, no one.

"I felt that prison was a mirror of South African society. It was like a miniature sculpture—the pores and minor blemishes are no longer visible, but the bone structure remains. A person can't go to prison without getting a greater

insight into our society as a whole. I regard it as a privilege to have been in prison. I never knew our rulers and people before.

"Every warder, every official is white. This was the first time for me, as a black man, that I had whites with me day in and day out, on an ordinary level. I came to understand what they said. I realized the importance of learning Afrikaans history, of reading Afrikaans literature, of trying to understand these ordinary men, the warders, the white elite—all whites are elite in South Africa—with whom we are dealing; how they are indoctrinated, how they react. They all have a blank wall in their minds. They just could not see the black man as a human being.

"I saw that we had to fight to overcome this system, and that it cannot be done by peaceful means, that you cannot humanize apartheid by modifications or by cosmetic changes. It must be overthrown by force of arms. Not one of us who passed through prison, whatever our previous beliefs, came out believing that change can come by peaceful means.

"Yet in a sense I also became more tolerant. I came to realize that we each have our weak points. When you work as a collective then you must cultivate your strong points, but it doesn't happen on its own, it happens because of your colleagues.

"This is what I personally treasure about my 12 years on the island. I have no regrets for those 12 years. It was a privilege to spend it with men I respect and who helped me. That is the secret of our survival."

Hilda Bernstein is a London journalist.

INDOCHINA

Cambodia to blame for border war?



Caskets of Vietnamese villagers killed in Cambodian attack on Tam Lap, Vietnam.

AP

By Diana Johnstone
PARIS—News that war had broken out between Vietnam and Cambodia on New Year's Eve was all that was needed to wind up 1977 as a disastrous year for revolutionary hopes and suggest that 1978 might be even worse.

Politically, 1977 seemed characterized above all by disintegration on the left, at least in Europe. Disillusion of Italians with the Italian Communist party, the rift between the French Communists and Socialists, differences between and about Eurocommunists, the scramble to expropriate and interpret Eastern European dissidents, philosophical quarrels over whether to throw out Marx along with Lenin, the critique of political militancy from the standpoint of private needs, the opposition between working people and "marginalized" sectors of the population, arguments over the meaning and effects of "terrorism" or "violence"—these and other splits crisscrossed the European left (unable any longer to agree on the label "left," for that matter), setting people who had once seemed to agree on the essentials against each other.

In this context, a war between the Indochinese peoples, whose struggles did most to forge the semblance of unity that has recently been falling apart, is apt to be felt by some as a *coup de grace*. At a time when serious political questions are mixed up with fashions in ideas (pessimism is "in"), adding to widespread genuine confusion, there is a danger that the events in Indochina will be felt as part of a trend—a new negative myth reversing the earlier myth of "many Vietnams" carrying revolution around the world. Those in the mood to savor the ironies of history have a feast before them in the contemplation of "Vietnamese imperialism": Yesterday's victim becomes today's villain, the wheel turns round, the universal bad conscience soothes each tired individual conscience, and the worst of all possible worlds turns out to be the best possible.

The reality may, of course, be more complicated than the myth. Experienced observers of the Indochinese scene now in Paris point to factors suggesting that Vietnam, although militarily vastly more powerful than Cambodia, is not necessarily to blame for the current conflict.

Racial antagonisms.

It is true that culturally, the Vietnamese and Cambodians have practically nothing in common, and historically, Vietnam has expanded southward over the centuries at the expense of what was once the Khmer empire. Cambodia welcomed French colonialism as arriving in the nick of time to save it from being swallowed up by Thailand on one side and Vietnam on the other. Nevertheless, the French brought in lots of Vietnamese—considered more vigorous and efficient than the Cambodians—to run the place for them.

on the Vietnamese side of the line drawn by the French in 1939. Cambodia has not publicly stated its claims, which reportedly cover thousands of square miles in three different regions: in the southern coastal region around Ha Tien, farther north around Tay Ninh, and finally in the central highlands around Ban Me Thuot. Heavy fighting has been unofficially reported in these regions since last summer.

Cambodian factional struggle.

In a communique issued on Dec. 31 in response to Phnom Penh's announce-

struggle after 1970, the stage was set for a factional struggle between the extreme nationalists, often quite ignorant of the outside world, and those who had been under the internationalist influence of the Vietnamese. To combat the latter, the former naturally played up—and on—fear and hatred of the hereditary enemy. Fierce factional struggles apparently took place in Cambodia between last April and July, with the victors accusing their opponents of being tools of Hanoi. In this context, the border disputes could make it easier for the ruling faction to work up patriotic fervor against its political adversaries.

Peking's role.

Still, it would seem very dangerous for the "Cambodian kitten" to provoke the "Vietnamese tiger." No doubt there are emotional, even self-destructive impulses involved. The Khmer CP leadership is raw and inexperienced, cut off from the world and probably obsessed with the Vietnamese, alternately accused of planning to take over Cambodia and of having abandoned it to the Americans after the 1973 Paris Agreements.

Of course the Vietnamese aspire to a regional union that they would naturally dominate. But they have reason to know that superior military force does not necessarily guarantee successful occupation of another country. The conflict with Cambodia is surely deeply embarrassing to the Vietnamese. For one thing, it may spell the end of the amazing balancing act that so long enabled them to remain (publicly) on equally good terms with Peking and Moscow.

Since even in the darkest hour of their struggle against the U.S. the Vietnamese refused to let foreigners fight for them, Phnom Penh's claim that the Vietnamese "invaders" are accompanied by "European advisers"—meaning Russians—is clearly preposterous and obviously intended to arouse the well-known automatic anti-Soviet reflex of the Chinese leadership. This would fit in with the de facto Chinese-American foreign policy alliance. A supposed "aggression against Cambodia" could give Peking the excuse it has always lacked to publicly dump the Vietnamese, replacing France as Cambodia's shield against its neighbors. ■

The border war between Vietnam and Cambodia has raised the spectre of "Vietnamese imperialism." But Cambodian resentments toward the Vietnamese may be more to blame for the war.

Under the leadership of Ho Chi Minh, Vietnamese Communists have persistently made great efforts to overcome racial antagonisms that have divided the peoples of the region. The Vietnamese, who are scarcely a humble people, learned about humiliation from colonialism and the Vietnamese Communists have unquestionably made serious efforts to curb their pride and treat other ethnic groups with respect, as part of the struggles for independence and economic advancement.

No such efforts have been visible on the part of the Khmer Communist party, which has reportedly expelled those Vietnamese residents of Cambodia who survived the massacres led by the Lon Nol regime just after it overthrew Sihanouk in 1970, and in general has expounded an extremely nationalistic propaganda line largely directed against the Vietnamese.

In particular, Cambodia, unlike Vietnam, has refused to settle for the boundaries fixed by French colonialism and continues to claim large stretches of land

ment that Vietnam had invaded Cambodia in an "undeclared war," Hanoi accused Cambodia of launching large scale military attacks against the Ha Tien and Tay Ninh regions starting last April.

It may be noted that there is some doubt what is meant when Phnom Penh refers to "Cambodian territory," whereas the territory claimed by Vietnam is known to coincide with the official French-drawn border.

However, experienced observers in Paris stress that the border dispute may be only a secondary aspect of a conflict that is above all political, centering on the orientation of the Khmer Communist leadership. The present Khmer Communist party led by Prime Minister Pol Pot was reorganized in 1960 by Cambodians who felt they had been let down by the Vietnamese when the 1954 Geneva Accords left Cambodia under Prince Sihanouk. When veterans of the original KCP, founded in 1951, who had gone into exile in North Vietnam after 1954, came back to join the liberation

NO GOD SAVE



By David Hinton

*When there's no future
How can there be sin
We're the flowers in the dustbin
We're the poison in your human machine
We're the future
Your future*

—God Save The Queen/Sex Pistols

If you had been in the streets of London's Covent Garden late one evening in January 1977, you might have seen a boy wearing a swastika armband and a plastic dustbin liner decorated with chains, rusty razor blades and the stencilled slogan "Hate And War," with a studded dog collar round his neck and a safety pin thrust through the corner of his mouth. With him there might have been a girl with the hair over her ears swept up into bat wings and dyed bright orange, her face chalk white except for the thick black flourishes which make her hard eyes cat-like, her t-shirt hanging round her in shreds, and a pair of white knickers pulled up over her skin-tight leather trousers.

If, out of curiosity, you had decided to follow this pair into the Roxy Club in Neal Street, descending into the cramped and sweltering basement, then you would have been knocked off balance by a surge in your direction of the mass of leaping bodies that filled the room. Recovering yourself and edging your way round to a corner, you could have climbed onto a chair and looked down on the dancers catapulting themselves into the air beneath you, rigidly, like pistons, with their arms by their sides and their faces contorted into bug-eyed grimaces of agony and aggression. Inevitably, two dancers would clash and lose their balance, clutch at those beside them, and the whole group would tumble to the beer-soaked floor, where they would roll around for a while in a litter of cigarette ends and plastic glasses before disentangling themselves and beginning the routine over again.

On the low stage at the other end of the room you could make out a group of musicians no different from the audience

in their appearance, except that in the glare of the lights you could see the unhealthy blotches on their pallid skin and the way their mascara was running with the sweat. Oblivious to the shower of spit and beer mugs being launched at them by the fans nearest to the stage, they would produce a deafening roar of featureless noise, the lead singer shouting and sneering his way through perhaps ten songs, all less than three minutes in length, before the drummer kicked over his equipment and they walked off.

This was punk in its prime.

Nov. 6, 1975, was the date of the debut performance of a band called the Sex Pistols created by entrepreneur Malcolm McLaren out of four working-class teenagers who used to hang around his Kings Road boutique, "Sex." The singer, Johnny Rotten, who later became the figurehead of the punk movement and Britain's Public Enemy No. 1, was remarkable for his consistently aggressive manner and his vile, hunched, cadaverous appearance. While the band played fast, furious, iconoclastic rock'n'roll, he would spit out the lyrics to songs with titles like "No Future," "No Feelings," "Pretty Vacant," and "Anarchy in the U.K." at chaotic concerts that often deteriorated into brawls.

By the end of 1976, the Pistols had been banned from all of London's leading music venues, but by then many other bands had sprung up and begun to emulate them. Performers with pseudonyms like Rat Scabies, Sid Vicious, Steve Havoc and Captain Sensible played in bands with names like The Clash, The Damned, The Vibrators and The Buzzcocks, before rapidly growing audiences of dedicated fans.

Being young in the '70s.

In retrospect, the attractions of punk are obvious. Rock music had got rich and gone soft. Bands like The Rolling Stones were now tax-exiles in America. The fan could only see them live in enormous venues like Earls Court, where as specks in the distance they would re-work their tired old standards. Such bands were no

more capable of satisfying the basic rock and roll appetites of the young than those like Yes and Genesis who were producing increasingly pretentious quasi-classical compositions.

The punks expressed vehemently their contempt for the older generation of rock stars. They played short, fast, simple songs, charged with aggression and emotional intensity, without apparently caring whether anyone liked it or not. The audiences not only liked it—they opened their arms and embraced it. No longer did teenagers have to wait patiently for the annual album from the L.A.-based rock gods: they could hear live music, week after week, in the intimate atmosphere of small local clubs.

Furthermore, it was music in which they could participate. They revelled in the idea that they could get up on stage and do as well as those they were listening to. The performers looked, lived, and thought as they did, and were often hardly more musically competent. Virtuosity was no longer important—it was attitude and enthusiasm that counted—and the sentiments of the songs were easy to identify with: they were about being young in Britain in the '70s.

Punk music was rooted in the reality of what urban life was like for thousands of teenagers whose aimless lives of poverty and boredom were lived out between the tower block and the dole queue in a drab, depressed Britain without the resources to accommodate them. The punk movement offered a cultural identity and a sense of solidarity to a generation that, according to the punk myth, was without hope, without feelings, without values—a generation of outcasts betrayed by a society which was corrupt, crumbling, and doomed.

Hating hippies.

Unlike the hippy children of the prosperous '60s, the punks dreamed of no better future and postulated no positive alternative to the social and economic system under which they suffered. Instead, they romanticised and revelled in their deprivation. While the hippies cultivated a

colorful, oriental, flowing, feminine style of dress that emphasized their independence from western standards of respectability, the punks, always irresponsible, always satirical, parodied that respectability. They wore short hair, dark suits, white shirts and ties; but the hair was savagely cropped and vaselined so that it stood up in a spiky brush, the suits were ripped up and pinned together, and the shirts were daubed with slogans like "Anarchy," "999," "Born to Kill," and "No Future."

The punks professed to hate hippies as much as they despised the establishment. They ridiculed the idea of love and their only concession to sex was the adoption of bondage clothes, because they knew that the suggestion of perversion would outrage the general public at the same time as it expressed their own sense of frustrating confinement.

Everything about their appearance and behavior suggested nihilism and alienation. Their cultivation of deliberate ugliness, their spiky, angular appearance, their pins and razor blades all warned "don't touch." Their chains and leathers were redolent of violence and perversity, and female punk fashions ridiculed conventional femininity. Their colors were the black and white of austerity, with an occasional splash of red aggression, or a shocking stripe of neon pink.

Arrogant and intense, glorifying sloth and ignorance, they thrived on a sentimentality of despair and disgust. Respecting nobody, they turned to the romance of self-destruction as the only alternative to the slow burn of boredom: they mutilated themselves as well as their clothes, sticking pins in their mouths, ears and noses, spitting over each other, and burning themselves with cigarettes. Their only satisfaction lay in the momentary forgetfulness of high-speed pogo-dancing to brain-numbing music.

White riot.

This, at least, was the myth, and it was in the myth that the power and significance of the movement reclined. At first

WE PUNKS

IN THESE TIMES JAN. 18-24, 1978 13



It did not matter that many of the punk performers were middle-class art students or musicians who had been playing around under different guises for years, and who were neither particularly deprived nor particularly young. It did not matter that many of those who wore safety pins in their ears on Saturday were sitting in college libraries on Monday. The important thing was that all the distilled rage, frustration and despair of the '70s seemed to rise up, walk and talk in the form of punk—and naturally, the nation was aghast when it came face to face.

The storm broke on Dec. 1, 1976, when the Sex Pistols appeared on television and were provoked by an interviewer into using a few everyday swear-words. The front pages of the popular papers were splashed next day with headlines like: TV FURY OVER ROCK CULT FILTH.

Punk had been thrust into the face of the gutter press, and it smelt of meat and potatoes. It offered them the opportunity to indulge their passion for outraged, self-righteous editorials while at the same time it seemed to contain all the vital ingredients they used regularly to satisfy the prurient tastes of their readers—violence, obscenity, sexual perversity, and the depravity of youth.

The most serious charge made against punk was that it incited mindless violence. There was plenty of evidence for this in the songs. For instance, the most self-consciously political of the bands, The Clash, had a song called "White Riot." It was written after 450 people had been injured during the rioting by black youths at the Notting Hill Carnival in 1976, and it expressed the desire of young whites to find some similar release for their anger and frustration. Its chorus was a chant of, "White Riot! I wanna Riot! White Riot! A Riot of my own!" but the singing of so furious a song obviated the need for the action itself. The punks channeled into their music the pent-up energy which could have been considerably more destructive had it been released elsewhere.

The free-for-all which passed for dancing at a punk gig might have looked

like a violent brawl to an outsider, but those in the midst of it were actually having fun, and rarely was it more dangerous than a football scrum.

Rich vein of resentment.

Any society is afraid of its underprivileged, but punk did not seek power—it was a celebration of impotence; it did not evangelise or seek to impose itself; it was a release of stifled emotion and a working off excess energy, with no dogma to communicate. The punks endorsed no political party and though some advocated a vague libertarianism, they presented no coherent political program. The press picked up on their use of the swastika, which they employed as the most effective symbol with which to outrage respectability, and attempted to align them with fascism and the National Front, but most punks were as contemptuous of the Front as they were of the established political parties. They presented themselves as the disease, not the cure.

Having cast themselves in the role of scapegoats, they soon found themselves being used as such. Thanks mainly to the efforts of the press they had been banned by promoters and local councils from almost every major concert hall in the country by summer 1977, but the publicity which made them so notorious also fostered their expanding popularity. The small clubs which continued to book the punk bands were packed each night to bursting point, and the Pistols' anti-Jubilee song "God Save The Queen" went to number one in the charts, with no radio airplay, at a time when every English eye was supposed to be wet with affectionate regard for the glories of our monarchy and nostalgia for the past greatness of our illustrious country.

The huge sales of this, and other punk records, showed that a rich vein of resentment there was to be tapped. Punk was becoming big business. The record companies who had greeted it with the sort of fervor a debutante might reserve for an outbreak of acne when it first pushed its ugly little head up out of the ground, now embraced with open arms the fully

fledged beast. There was no shortage of young hopefuls with sneers on their faces and safety pins in their ears ready to accept the lucrative offers, and soon the contracts were flying like confetti.

Lost impetus.

Inevitably, the movement began to diversify and lose its impetus. Punk was easy to parody: the new groups could play their three chords and shout the appropriate slogans, but they could not capture the emotional intensity, the conviction and the excitement of those who had been in at the beginning. At the same time, several of the bands who had been happy to be considered part of the punk movement when it gave them their initial impetus, were now established, and anxious to assert their independence.

The Sex Pistols, who were always the aristocracy of the movement, have continued to delight their fans and outrage the public at large, but even they have failed to keep the faith. A mystique has been built around them which smacks too much of that manipulation for maximum commercial success which punk, at the outset, claimed to so much despise. For instance, they continued to claim that no TV company would touch them, even after one of the independent stations had negotiated for weeks to try and get them to appear.

The advertising for their first album, "Never Mind the Bollocks—Here's the Sex Pistols," released in November 1977, provoked the inevitable protests and law suits, and it went to number one in the charts; but the record itself was disappointing. Despite earlier promises to the contrary, it carried all the group's singles, suggesting that they lacked new material. However, this does mean that the album features four of punk's classic tracks, so let it stand as an epitaph on the movement.

Ugliness exposed.

Punk is now chic. Its stars are in the hands of the record business and its styles are in the hands of fashion designers who produce haute couture bondage jackets

of tartan and tweed, and sell ripped up t-shirts at \$40 a time. The word "punk" now carries all the glamorous connotations which once accrued to the word "rebel," and the dispossessed teenager who attends a punk concert these days finds himself having to pogo amongst a throng of the rich and fashionable.

It took remarkably little time for the movement to get absorbed by those people and institutions that it originally regarded as its natural enemies, but it is, after all, in the nature of an explosion that it should be short-lived.

From the lighting of the fuse at the first Sex Pistols gig to the settling of the dust of controversy over their first LP, the punk rock explosion lasted almost exactly two years. To the majority of the population it was no more than a scandal in the newspapers, confirming their worst suspicions about the callousness and brutality of the younger generation. To some of those who make it their business to deplore the current state of the nation, as to some of the punks themselves, it seemed to prove conclusively that there was no hope for the future.

To others though, it seemed that with the arrival of punk, Britain's sullen, sordid '70s erupted, at last, into being. A lot of ugliness was exposed and a lot of complacency shaken, but a new atmosphere of excitement and opportunity was created. The young had risen from a state of torpor and with a violent shudder of revulsion, shaken themselves free from the cold clutch of the '60s, showing, in the process, just how decadent the rock 'n' roll based culture of that decade had become.

They gleefully bulldozed aside all its redundant heroes, values, mores and beliefs, and punctured its pretensions, creating space for new talents to emerge and flourish; establishing, by their return to the basics of the music, the foundations of a new participatory, popular culture that does not cling uneasily to the edge of the modern world, but grows out of the heart of it.

Free speech and popular sovereignty

The continuing debate over civil liberties in these pages is a good indication that socialists are no more united on the issue than non-socialists, and that basic assumptions about freedom of speech and association cut across the lines otherwise dividing pro-socialists and pro-capitalists.

The debate so far has already served the valuable purpose of revealing differences, clarifying some positions and indicating the centrality of civil liberties to a socialist society. Continuing the debate will be of further value. These pages will remain open to ongoing exploration and debate concerning civil liberties. Here we wish to comment on some of the arguments offered in recent issues of this paper.

The vindication of free speech and association has always been an important part of the labor and other popular movements in the fight for democracy within capitalist society. Many socialists used to believe, as many still do, that the problem of democracy and free speech would automatically be solved under socialism. But the experience of socialist countries and the differences among equally dedicated socialists such as those expressed in these pages, demonstrate otherwise. Free speech remains a controversial issue in the struggle for a socialist democracy.

There are many complex questions pertaining to speech and association in the general struggle for the enlargement of democracy against capitalist political and economic power. As pointed out by some of our readers and columnists, some of these entail restrictions on speech. For example, because workers are in an inherently weaker position than employers on the job, they have fought not only to secure the right to agitate and organize on the job, but also to limit the rights of employers to agitate against unions, even on their own property. This restriction on the right of an employer's free speech has been necessary in order partially to redress the vast discrepancy of power between workers and capitalists.

Similarly, in truth-in-advertising regulations and health warnings on cigarettes and other lethal products, the freedom of speech of the manufacturing corporations has been limited in the public interest in order to uphold the rights of consumers.

In other spheres, where the right of free speech is intimately linked to the use of limited social resources, like the airwaves, the principle of public control in the interest of the general welfare has been established. Even in capitalist countries, access to radio and television transmission is controlled by governmental agencies. In the U.S., where most broadcasting is under private control, all commercial radio and television broadcasting is subject to federal licensing and must meet established federal standards. Whether or not that control is used in the public interest is ultimately a matter of political pressure and activity.

But in the non-market realm of popular social action, of politics in its broadest sense, there is a direct correlation between the expansion of democracy and the degree to which the state is restricted in its power over the free expression of ideas. And that means the free expression of all ideas, no matter how odious to a majority or minority of society.

The reason for this is not a commitment to an abstract principle of free speech, but a belief that people can govern themselves and that it is desirable that they do so. In early American history popular participation in elections and government was tied to property. At



that time, the principle of self government by property owners represented an attempt by the bourgeoisie to restrict democracy. But the ideology of democracy and of free speech could not for long be restricted to property owners. As the working class developed, it demanded to be included as a participant in established democratic rights.

The struggle for free speech has been closely related to the activities of working people for the vote and to organize unions, and in the struggles of blacks and women for the vote and for representation in government. The women's movement over many decades fought for the right to speak in public about issues that once so outraged community standards of morality as to be considered criminal. In the first decades of this century, for example, Margaret Sanger and other advocates of birth control were arrested, tried and convicted for speaking or writing publicly on this question. And, of course, blacks speaking or acting to win the right to vote and to end legal segregation and other forms of racial discrimination have been subject to persecution in the South and elsewhere well into the 1960s and 1970s.

Socialists have had little difficulty in seeing the necessity of freedom of speech and access to the political system for working people, blacks and women. The problem comes for leftists when right-wingers, and especially racists, exercise

those rights. In such cases the commitment to free speech is often seen as secondary to the duty to oppose racism or other anti-democratic attitudes or acts. But the problems here are twofold: First how to frame laws forbidding certain forms of speech and association without placing all speech and association in jeopardy. Second, how to guarantee that the enforcement of such laws will affect only anti-democratic speech or activity.

The actual experience at Camp Pendleton, where the Klan was active, and in Skokie, where the Nazis wanted to march, makes clear the latter difficulty. In each case the incident was used by the authorities to move against freedom of speech and association in general; in the Pendleton case to move to rescind political rights won by the struggles of blacks in the armed services in the 1960s, and in the Skokie case to pass ordinances that would make it virtually impossible for a parade or demonstration of more than 50 people to be held without the approval of Skokie's governing body. In other words, in real life, the denial of rights of speech to one group on the basis of a general principle does affect all—and, in our opinion, to the detriment of democracy.

The problem of determining what is and what is not to be banned is a quagmire. In his Dialog piece last week, Ben Margolis argued that ideas should be constitutionally protected, but that racist

slogans should not be, because they are not ideas.

In any case, the central point is not whether or not to oppose certain ideas, but whether the state should have the authority to define "non-ideas," or to ban ideas or political association. Our view is that racist ideas, and organizations like the Klan and the Nazis should be vigorously opposed by socialists and leftists through agitation, education, and organization. We should call upon the state to prevent and punish unlawful acts but not to suppress groups *insofar as they exercise lawful rights*. Further, unlike Margolis, we have confidence in the people's judgment. We believe that racist ideas cannot stand up under free public scrutiny and need to be exposed and opposed, not banned. It is when such ideas form an underground ideological expression of various real grievances and tensions between ethnic groups that they are most effective, not when they are exposed to the light of day. The fear of their expression is at bottom a fear and distrust of the people's judgment.

Socialism to us means popular sovereignty, not state paternalism. And popular sovereignty must mean that the people, through discussion and organization, not through state supervision, will determine their beliefs and associations. In the absence of state dictation, the role of socialists in shaping that determination must be all the larger.

Letters

Tin cans

Editor:

Bob Eklund writes that Barbara Garson belittles the idea that the personal is political and wrote that pollution exists because of recyclers (*ITT*, Dec. 21, 1977). In my view, Garson's piece is far closer to the realities of the political economy of environmental degradation.

If Eklund understood the insight of the women's movement that the personal is political, he would realize that large social conditions manifest themselves in our lives in personal ways. The slogan does not mean that every personal activity or idiosyncrasy is a political action.

The increase in solid waste is a direct result of decisions made by a relatively small group for reasons of increasing corporate profits. Non-returnable bottles, aluminum cans that require vast amounts of electricity for their manufacture, etc., were not developed because they are necessities of a civilized life.

The army of recyclers consists of an army of unpaid workers for the packaging industries; certainly all socialists should be able to understand this in terms of the labor theory of value. People who have had absolutely no democratic involvement in decisions affecting their environment should not, as victims, be blamed for the results.

Garson never says that we have pollution because of recyclers. She says that we live in a class society, "some people profit from pollution. The rest of us could stop them if..."

By the way, I do some recycling. I maintain a compost heap. But I will not spend hours of unpaid labor time soaking labels off jars, walking the roadside with a big plastic bag, or the like. Instead, I try to organize to prohibit the manufacture and use of superfluous products and packaging, and to bring

decision-making about industrial development under popular control. As a consequence, I support the Oregon bottle bill, and I bet Barbara Garson does too. But we could go further.

—Philip L. Bereano
Seattle, Wash.

Selling out the beleaguered working class?

Editor:

Let me express my profound disagreement and disappointment at the increasingly far-fetched and deluded fantasies being propagated by John Judis in his weekly column.

Judis' statements hit a new all-time low Jan. 4 with his unsubstantiated contention that well known champion vacillators and opportunists, Vernon Jordan, Betty Friedan, and George Meany, would somehow (in a completely unspecified manner) see the socialist light and magically emerge as our co-participants in a movement for radical social change.

This line of reasoning is just plain and unadulterated nonsense. Judis a few weeks ago presented us with the view that Santiago Carrillo (who is presently engaged in exerting most of his efforts to peddling Spanish ruling class "austerity" measures to the workers) is some kind of vaguely defined emulatory model for a nascent American socialism, that must be protected in his sellout of the beleaguered working class in Spain.

I have come to expect more of *ITT* in building a mass based socialist movement in this country. It will be very difficult, but we must not deceive ourselves as Judis unfortunately does.

—Charles Dyer Jr.
Tulsa, Okla.

The old Meany

Editor:

At the end of one year of *IN THESE TIMES* I send my first truly angry letter after considering every aspect of a sponsor blowing his top. The 1977 Reuben Einstein Award to George Meany (*Inside Story*, Jan 4) is none of my business. Awards, medals, dinners and prizes go to astonishing characters these days, but for you to praise the President of

the CIO-AFL as proof of "growth toward significant social change" is to insult your readers beyond toleration.

Meany represents the quintessence of opportunism, toadyism to American business and government and contempt for the rank and file of working men and women across the nation. Does Judis read Kushner in his own paper? The anti-Communism of Meany at the recent convention with its obscene exhibition of a Soviet "dissenter" far more clearly indicates the nature of George Meany.

I am fascinated to know that he admits to being a "closet feminist." (What took so long with millions of women paying his staggering salary along with their male co-workers?) When will he confess to being a "closet capitalist," the system's most valuable lackey and return with blustering rhetoric an award from Reuben Einstein's socialist foundation? George Meany has not changed his spots. I profoundly hope *ITT* can change its Jan. 4th editorial spots and find some better themes for models of significant social change in the U.S. than the President of the AFL-CIO.

—Stephen Fritchman
Glendale, Calif.

Editor's Note: None of the editors or ITT staff is a member of the Reuben Einstein award committee.

Human rights in Thailand

Editor:

We urge you to join us in a letter campaign to the King of Thailand. We are urging him to exercise traditional practice in granting amnesty to political prisoners on the occasion of his birthday, in particular the student and labor leaders arrested during the Oct. 6, 1976, bloody coup in Thailand. This group of defendants is known as the "Bangkok 18."

This campaign comes when voices (including the Thai press) have been raised inside Thailand and abroad for full amnesty for political prisoners. The new Thai military government, which took power in the Oct. 20, 1977, coup has not clarified its stand on this issue. Amnesty is particularly crucial in the case of the "Bangkok 18" who face the death pen-

alty for allegedly committing acts that were constitutionally protected during the 1973-76 democratic period. They were detained for almost a year before they were formally arraigned, and are still denied the right to bail, the right to present their own witnesses and evidence in court.

The lives of the "Bangkok 18" depend on international awareness. International pressure forced the former Thanin government to open the military trials to the public. As a result, the International Commission of Jurists, Amnesty International and several other organizations sent representatives to the first trial scheduled for Oct. 7, 1977. The Union of Democratic Thais, the American Service Committee and Clergy and Laity Concerned also sent Leonard Weinglass, a noted attorney. However, for unknown reasons, the trial was abruptly postponed.

We urge you to send a letter to the King.

—Union of Democratic Thais
Box 305, Village Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10014

30 years off

Editor:

In his review of James Reston's book about Joan Little (*ITT*, Jan 4) Mark Pinsky writes, "Alexander Berkman, standing trial (with Emma Goldman) in the 1920s for the attempted assassination of Henry Clay Frick..."

(1) Berkman's trial was in the 1890s, not the 1920s;

(2) Goldman did not stand trial for this offense (either with Berkman or alone) for the simple reason that she was never accused.

—Marvin Mandell
W. Roxbury, Mass.

Memorial

Editor:

We appreciate your newspaper and look forward to its accomplishing the end in view. We should like to help with a contribution marking the memory of a great good fighter, Atlantis Marshall, who died on January 1, 1978, and who shared your vision always.

—Lillian Lipson
Chicago

DIALOG

Socialism is (or ought to be)...

Joshua Dressler's column (*ITT*, Dec. 21, 1977) on what he calls "the dangers of unlimited speech" brings up so many issues that I don't know where to begin. It is very silly of Dressler to say that consumer boycotts are "in conflict with socialist ideals" just because they have something to do with the economic market. It is sillier yet for him to suppose in one of his hypothetical controversies that television will still be broadcasting corporate advertising in a future socialist society.

But what upsets me is that Dressler seems not to understand the basic concept of freedom of speech. Everyone knows that there are certain natural limits to speech, that you can't shout "Fire!" in a crowded theater, that there are extreme points beyond which speech is not distinguishable from criminal action, that there are exceptions in far-out circumstances. Anyone can posit hypothetical cases that bring up unsolvable dilemmas.

But the real substance of the right to free speech has nothing to do with these snow-storm-in-July circumstances; it has to do with the day-to-day workings of democracy and especially of

socialist democracy. Socialism is (or ought to be) a society run by the working class, and this means it is a society in which for the first time in history the vast majority of the population exercises genuine control over its own destiny. The vast majority can hardly exercise this control if it doesn't have the rights of full debate and unhampered flow of information, i.e., the right to free speech. Free speech is the necessary condition for informed decision-making, and thus for socialism.

It is worth dredging up these verities in order to note that those (many) radicals who contend that freedom of speech is a dispensable luxury under socialism must imagine that somebody *other than the vast public* will be running things. They must imagine that society will be run by those who can be trusted not to utter the verboten or waver under false propaganda, perhaps only those who have correct opinions, which is a way of saying only the well educated and not the undependable masses. Perhaps these radicals imagine that only the Socialist state will be running society, in which case free speech for the rest of us would in fact be dispensable. Fine. But this isn't socialism in my book.

I don't mean to put Dressler in this awful camp. "Indeed," he says, "we must permit a great deal of speech." Indeed yes. But even in running this civil libertarian flag halfway up the mast, Dressler draws the fatal line between the managers and the managed ("we must *permit*" instead of "we must *enjoy*") and persists in committing the same sin that has characterized all his columns: confusing a socialist *society* with a socialist *state* (a "democratic socialist state," he says, and puts quotation marks around it for some reason).

Please, socialism isn't an omnipresent state, democratic or otherwise, with

the power to crush speech or any other right whenever it desires; it should be a cooperative commonwealth, which is different altogether. Until we are capable of seeing that repression and the organized monopoly of force are not the same as mutual aid and self-government, we'll simply be like those dullbrained comrades of the 19th century who thought the federal post office was a fine illustration of how socialism would work in practice.

—Paul Berman
New York

Pot Happy

I read through *Pot Happy* (*ITT*, Jan. 4) without ever finding out how Chuck Fager feels about pot. It's true that drug laws don't have much to do with drugs, still, I make it a policy never to let the subject of dope pass without mentioning that it's bad for you. (Just as I never let the subject of capitalism pass without mentioning that it's bad for you.)

As I think back over the '60s (my first decade as a responsible adult) I don't feel guilty that it took so long to end the war in Vietnam. We did what we could. Nor do I feel guilty that we passed into the '70s with such a small and weak movement. I feel *sorry* about it. And I can think of many things we might have done differently. But I don't feel guilty because I wasn't always in a position to know what was right.

But I do feel guilty about drugs. I

always hated drugs. I never used them myself. But I was so immersed in a "life-style" scene that at first (and for too long) I just passed the joint along, hoping no one would notice that I never took a toke.

It wasn't until I saw good friends, good comrades, and even closer people teeter over the line of sanity that I started making a wet blanket of myself by announcing "If you guys are gonna get stoned, I'll leave."

And a wet blanket I continue to be. Drugs are bad for you. Acid and meth had more dramatic effects on people I knew, but pot is bad too. No matter how many animal studies you show me, I know for sure that people who got stoned regularly got stupid—and stayed stupid.

We socialists should put the shoe on the right foot. We should put the blame where it belongs. A profiteering society with nothing but a bottom line morality promotes crime, disloyalty, abandonment of children, and other selfish behavior in some people. In others it leads to a druggy purposelessness. As socialists we may be sympathetic to the victims. But let's not give the impression that their floundering (our own floundering in capitalism's polluted waters) has anything to do with our vision of the future.

It was a big mistake in the '60s to allow the press (to the degree that we had any control over it) to present communes for example, as a socialist alternative. They were, rather, a heartbreaking attempt to recreate the human cooperative group that capitalism was crumbling. It's too bad that many people cling desperately to more traditional families got the idea that we were attacking what little security they had left.

—Barbara Garson
New York

The Karman turn

The rise of the recrudescent right

Some people believe that there's a recrudescence of conservatism in America. Others claim that the right is no cruddier than it ever was. Conservatives themselves say that only Hanoi knows.

What's new about the current crop is whatever's new in corporate America. It's said that conservatives oppose change and defend the past. They in fact spend their time sanctifying the present and whatever lunatic alterations that the requirements of the profit motive bring to it.

For oldtime conservatives the present worth sanctifying consisted of spats and bustles, elm-shaded homes, chattel slavery, fainting women, xenophobia, obsequious servants, sneaky sex, piety, non-existent taxes, the white man's burden, gold dollars and cheaply bought politicians. Free enterprise meant taking free government land to build the railroads and then charging farmers through the nose to carry their produce to market.

For modern conservatives the national patrimony amounts to 1200-watt hair-dryers, polyester leisure suits, electric golf carts, condominiums in tickytack sunbelt developments, imported menials, tax dodges, admiration of foreign tin-horns, militarism, S-M sex, laidback racism, blind trust in all forms of corporate-wrought technology, and faith in an America that will always have room for yet another pressed beef patty franchise or drive-in religion.

Anti-Keynesians, they nevertheless subscribe to Keynes' definition of capitalism: the extraordinary belief that the nastiest of men for the nastiest of motives will somehow work for the benefit of us all.

If it's difficult for the left to get collectivists to work in harmony on anything, it's all but impossible for the right to do so with its cadres of rugged individualists. The great weakness of the right is that it attracts people who would buy a used car from Richard Nixon—and then resell it at a profit.

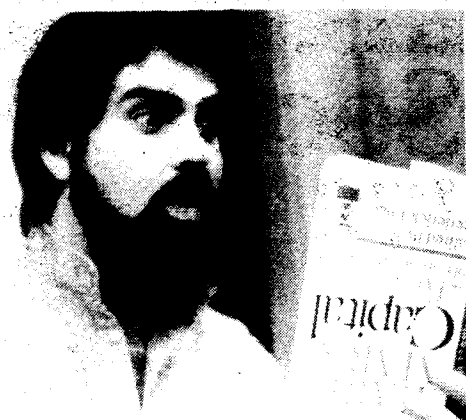
Happily for the rest of us, rightists devote much of their energy to ripping each other off. The propensity to chicanery comes with the ideology. The honchos of yahoodom are forever embezzling the dues money, skimming the donations, taking kickbacks from the flag and whip dealers, and otherwise proving their fealty to the moral precepts of capitalism. Among evangelical rightists, the legendary licentiousness of their preachers somewhat mitigates their larcenous instincts.

Characteristically, conservative publications are chock full of dubious ads for coyote hole homesteads in the middle of the Mojave, bottled cancer cures (Vitamin B-17 and Laetrile are the current favorites), home protection devices, and an incredible variety of money-making

schemes ("Get rich by raising valuable silverfish in your own bathroom," or "Wealth and power beyond imagining can be yours for only \$8.95").

Along with society at large, rightists have had their consciousnesses raised in recent years. Their heroes used to be close-cropped, nominally macho martinets like J. Edgar Hoover and Gen. Edwin Walker. But then the ranks were infected by an insidious Pat Boonism. Soon the male faithful were wearing their hair longer and the females were wearing it bluer. Youthful fogies discovered marijuana and branched off into Libertarianism, a modish conservatism preached mainly in singles bars and at accountants' pot parties.

Most significantly, women began to assert themselves. Reaction has had feminine leaders since the time of Ayn Rand, Lucretia Borgia and Clare Boothe Luce. But it never tackled the women's question as such. The pioneering work here has been done by Phyllis Schlafly, who has designed crush-proof bouffants and wrinkle-resistant hostess gowns for women entering the rough and tumble of politics. Thanks to the slow-cooking crock pot and the automatically-time microwave oven with LED frozen pizza readout, activists like Anita Bryant are now able to spend the day on the anti-gay barricades and still have time to turn out plastic meals for dad and the kids.



Owing to the swelling of its ranks by anti-red refugees and of its coffers by donations from foreign fascists, the right has been obliged to mute its traditional chauvinism. Indeed, some all-Americans have begun to heed the bugle calls of such non-English speaking heralds as Rev. Sun Myung Moon, Bishop Henri Lefebvre and Sen. Strom Thurmond. Current exotic interests on the right include Levantine falangism, Persian autocracy and that old favorite South African draconianism.

Capping this cosmopolitan trend is the rise of "neo Conservatism." This consists of a group of Cold War intellectuals (Irving Kristol, Edward Banfield, Daniel Moynihan, Nathan Glazer, Daniel Bell, Norman Podhoretz, Abe Beame, etc.) who have become disillusioned with all federal bureaucracies except the CIA. They turned right(er) out of the fear that affirmative action programs will prevent people like themselves from getting into graduate schools. Other factors aside, this would seem to be one of the better arguments in favor of affirmative action.

Pete Karman is a free-lance writer in Middletown, Conn.

Frances Moore Lappe/ Joe Collins

Food and development

Unwanted food aid

There was no need, to my knowledge, to bring in food from the United States at any time.

—Roland Bunch,
World Neighbors
Development Worker

Mounting U.S. farm surpluses traditionally translate into pressures on Congress for stepped-up overseas food aid. With bumper crops this year, it is urgent to take a look at the impact U.S. food programs have on the people they are supposed to be helping.

We recently learned about American food aid in Guatemala, a country where the U.S. Food for Peace Program (PL 480) has grown dramatically over the past 18 months. We were interested in the effects of these increases because of the powerful earthquake that shook Guatemala in February 1976. With 25,000 dead and 1.25 million left homeless, how could American food surpluses be anything but helpful?

PL 480 food donation programs have been administered in Guatemala by the United States Agency for International Development for over 17 years. American voluntary agencies, notably CARE and CRS (Catholic Relief Services) have acted as distributors of most of the food (corn, wheat, grain blends, milk powder and cooking oils). From 1959 to 1975, American food shipments averaged somewhat over 6000 tons. In the aftermath of last year's earthquake, aid levels quadrupled. In fiscal 1976 alone, 25,400 tons worth \$8.4 million were sent, in fiscal 1977, 16,300 tons.

Despite the admirable motives of many, the impact of this aid on the rural communities in Guatemala, especially in the mountain areas hardest hit by the quake, has been negative.

The earthquake struck shortly after the highland farmers had completed a record harvest of corn and beans. In some areas, wheat stood ready to be harvested in the fields. National grain production was up

28 percent over the previous year. Even the poorest farmers with the least land, usually unable to produce enough food to last the whole year, had grain stored at the time of the quake.

Farmers in the highlands were quick to mobilize themselves after the earthquake. Two researchers, Robert Gersony and Anthony Jackson, who worked for the U.S. Agency for International Development, told us that food was needed by some communities only for a short period of time (at most two weeks) while farmers completed the task of uncovering the food buried in the rubble. After the first several days, the only items in short supply were those not locally produced, such as candles, matches, salt, sugar, lime, and soap. Within two weeks of the initial earthquake, the International League of Red Crosses had determined that the supply of food available in the highlands was sufficient. It ordered a halt to further shipments of food from outside the country. In late February, the general coordinator of the Guatemalan government's National Emergency Committee asked voluntary agencies to stop bringing food into the country as there were sufficient supplies. Relief workers told us that after only a few days Indian leaders were asking them not to bring in food. Why?

What the rural people in the earthquake areas most needed was cash in order to rebuild their homes and farms. For the 75 to 80 percent of the people who are farmers, the normal way to get cash was to sell part of their harvests, explained Benito Sicajan Sipac, an Indian leader from Chimaltenango. The widespread and indiscriminate distribution by CARE and CRS of free food from the U.S. depressed prices for locally grown food. Tens of thousands of small farmers lost their sources of livelihood just when they most needed it.

In the highland area of Chimaltenango, we were told that with the influx of free

American corn the price of locally-produced corn fell to 30 percent below the estimated break-even cost for the area's farmers. On the national level the government marketing agency significantly lowered its support price in the face of the collapse of the local market.

An organization of farmers in Chimaltenango, the Quetzal Marketing Cooperative, received a special loan from Ox-fam, the international rural development charity, expressly for the purpose of trying to stabilize food markets so disrupted by the CARE and CRS food giveaways. The Coop used the loan to set up a grainbank that bought crops from the farmers at a price fixed above the depressed levels. The scheme thus helped the farmers of the area to get the cash they needed to rebuild their lives. According to observers to whom we spoke, the Cooperative's scheme served as a significant stabilizing element, counterbalancing the impact of the food handouts.

William Ruddell, who has worked with a Guatemalan highlands cooperative since 1971, and Roland Bunch, who has worked in rural training in Guatemala with World Neighbors since 1968, told us that even where there was a need for food for the first days following the earthquake, the food should have been bought from areas in Guatemala not affected by the quake. Such purchases could have been a boost to farmers in those villages. Moreover, purchases within the country could be more easily curtailed when the recipient villages had dug out their stored harvests. As Bunch commented, "If the Guatemalans were sending wheat into the United States this year as their own version of a PL 480 donation and giving it out to American consumers, American farmers would be screaming bloody murder about it."

Bunch told us of changes in people's attitudes in villages where the tradition after natural disasters had been to work

together voluntarily to rebuild. With the coming of food giveaway programs, some villagers refused to work, thereby creating dissension in the community that paralyzed community projects. The long-range impact of food for work programs, using donated American food-stuffs, is negative. According to Bunch, "When people are given food to do community projects previously done voluntarily, then people are going to be waiting for a handout instead of going ahead and getting on with the work their villages need. If the food program at any times stops, then also road projects stop and water projects stop and so on." William Ruddell commented, "Giving away food works against people getting organized to work for the conditions that will enable them to grow their own food."

Bunch also attributed a change in the quality of village leadership to the food donation programs. "Largely because of the give-aways, the villages started to turn more to leaders who could produce free things, whether they were honest or dishonest, than to the leaders they'd been putting their trust in," he explained. "Through the six to eight months that followed the earthquake, I began seeing fellows [emerge as leaders] who were totally dishonest. They'd go into the different agencies and say that theirs was the most affected village in the Highlands, and they'd get more food."

This reveals the disastrous impact of trying to solve the problem of American grain surplus by exporting it to Third World countries. No longer an arm of domestic agricultural policy, food aid must be restricted to short-term use in genuine food emergencies.

Frances Moore Lappe and Joseph Collins co-direct the Institute for Food and Development Policy, 2588 Mission St., San Francisco, CA 94110.



G. William Domhoff

Socialist electoral policy—'78 and beyond

by G. William Domhoff

Late in 1933, the best-known socialist of his day, Upton Sinclair, slipped into city hall in Beverly Hills, Cal., and changed his party registration from Socialist to Democrat. Eight months later, running on a cooperatist-syndicalist platform called End Poverty in California (EPIC), he had won the Democratic nomination for governor with a majority vote (51.7 percent) in a nine-person primary race. Sinclair received 436,000 votes, his nearest opponent only 288,000.

In the regular election in November, Sinclair increased his vote to 879,000, 37.3 percent of the total. The Republican candidate, forced by Sinclair's challenge to run on a moderate program that embraced aspects of the New Deal, won with 48.9 percent. The Progressive candidate received 12.9 percent, the Communist 0.5 percent and the Socialist 0.2 percent. The positive effects of Sinclair's campaign were felt on the West Coast for many years.

In 1976, the best-known New Left anti-war activist of the 1960s, Tom Hayden, entered the Democratic primaries to challenge incumbent Senator John V. Tunney on an anti-corporatist platform. To the surprise of nearly everyone, he received 1.2 million votes, about 37 percent of the total. In the regular election, the left third-party candidate received only a handful of votes.

The large vote received by Sinclair and Hayden, and the miniscule vote received by third-party leftists in the same elections, reveal the underlying structure of the American electoral system, a structure that is implicitly understood by the average voter.

By electing a President instead of a Parliament, and by electing legislators from geographical districts, the American electoral system pushes people toward two, pre-electoral coalitions. They are called the Democratic and Republican parties even though they are not parties in the European sense of the term—they cannot determine who is and is not a member, and primary elections often determine their candidates.

The underlying logic of the system is so powerful that during none of the four or five periods of party changes over 200 years of American history have third parties of any significance been sustained.

This is because a vote for a third party is a vote for your worst enemy. A vote for a socialist instead of a Democrat is really a vote for a Republican, something that is understood by most voters, including Republicans, who gave financial aid to Peace and Freedom candidates in California in the early 1970s in the hope of unseating Democrats.

A vote for a leftwing third party is also often against the short-run bread-and-butter interests of the American working class. It is, in effect, a vote for a Republican who represents the interests of conservative corporate capitalists.

A vote for the Democrats, on the other hand, is a vote for a coalition of blue-collar workers, middle-income liberals, and minorities led by more moderate and progressive elements of the capitalist class. From the theoretical perspective of a socialist who wishes to replace the capitalist system, this is not a very great difference. But it is a difference nonetheless, and one that has not escaped the notice of the average voter, particularly in times of economic downturn.

Perhaps the best evidence of this point is the tenacious adherence of black voters to the Democrats. Blacks have made small gains under Democratic regimes while suffering "benign neglect" under Republicans. They have shown no interest in third parties.

Labor leaders and leftists of the late 1930's understood the difference between Democrats and Republicans. The election of Democrats in 1936 to the Presidency,

to governorships in Michigan and Pennsylvania, and to city governments—all with the help of labor—was a major factor in the unionization of steel and auto, and the growth of the CIO in general, in 1937 and 1938.

The idea that socialists must find a way to work within the Democratic Party is a lesson that has been learned slowly—and even unlearned—by the leading elements on the left. In the late 1930's Communists seemed to have learned the lessons well—Earl Browder, head of the party at the time, later claimed that the "spectacular capture of the Democratic Party primary by Upton Sinclair's EPIC movement" had helped to teach his party the need to be Democrats.

But in 1948 the Communists played a large role in urging non-Communist Democrat Henry Wallace to run for the Presidency in a third party—to the great disaster of Henry Wallace, the left in the trade union movement, and the left in general. The arguments by friends of the left such as California Attorney General Robert N. Kenny—that Wallace would do much better in Democratic primaries—went unheeded. It was left to Tennessee populist Estes Kefauver, with his integrationist and anti-crime campaign of 1952, and Minnesota liberal Eugene McCarthy, with his anti-war campaign of 1968, to demonstrate how well new and controversial issues can be raised in presidential primaries.

If it is clear through both structural analysis and actual experience that socialists should be Democrats if and when they enter the electoral arena at the state and national levels, it is not clear *how* they should be Democrats. Indeed, there are ways of being Democrats that lead to a loss of socialist perspective. Merely supporting the "best candidate" or urging "progressive legislation" is not enough to create socialist consciousness.

In my view socialists should be Democrats—by forming an electorally oriented organization to formulate a socialist program for America and to then run socialist candidates in carefully-selected party primaries. If ADA once was more or less the electoral arm of the liberal movement, so must there be an electoral arm for a socialist movement.

The focus of this organization must be Democratic primaries, not regular elections, and the platform must express a full program of reform. Anything less would defeat the primary purpose—winning converts to a socialist perspective with the eventual aim of winning the majority of Democratic voters. The regular elections would be the place for compromise and conciliation with liberals, thereby aiding the success of the reform efforts.

It is time to put the principles and plans of economic democracy on the agenda for the 1980's by running candidates in the 1980 presidential and lower-level primaries of the Democratic Party. During the next year members of the left interested in the electoral arena, using material developed by a variety of left groups and progressive think tanks, should create a comprehensive program for public ownership and consumer-labor control of the large banks and corporations of the American economy. This program created, they must search out candidates to bring it to the electorate.

It is important that the platform be used to challenge Carter himself in select primaries. The presidency is the governmental structure concerned with the social system as a whole, and presidential primaries clearly can be used as national referenda on major issues. Just as McCarthy made the 1968 primaries a referendum on the war, so should socialists make the 1980 primaries a referendum on the economy.

It is time for such a challenge. Carter is a sitting president who will not be opposed by mainstream liberals and trade unionists. Moreover, he has raised hopes

and expectations, but has been able to do very little about inflation, unemployment, and other economic ills.

The presidential-level challenge must be thought out carefully. My tentative view is that the platform should be carried by several individuals. This would decrease the media emphasis on a single personality, allowing the platform itself more prominence. And it would decrease the tremendous wear and tear on a single candidate running a nationwide campaign. It would also greatly decrease the costs of the effort and make it possible to build local name recognition of the different candidates already established as spokespersons in various states.

However, the idea of a single candidate should not be ruled out. If a prominent elected official who embraced the program could make the challenge then one candidate might be a worthwhile approach. But it could not be just anyone.

At the same time, there should be challenges in legislative and local-level primaries where candidates and potential constituents are right. The positive effects of working on several levels at once have been demonstrated by liberal insurgents in the past.

Although an effort such as I am suggesting is necessary to put economic democracy on the agenda for the 1980's, it should not be the whole focus of the left. Non-electoral activities must continue. But for an overall ideological and political challenge, there is no better place than Democratic primaries, including presidential primaries.

In a 1976 paper delivered at a joint meeting of the Royal Society of Canada and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, sociologist Seymour M. Lipset returned to his longstanding quest for an answer to why there is no socialist movement in the U.S.

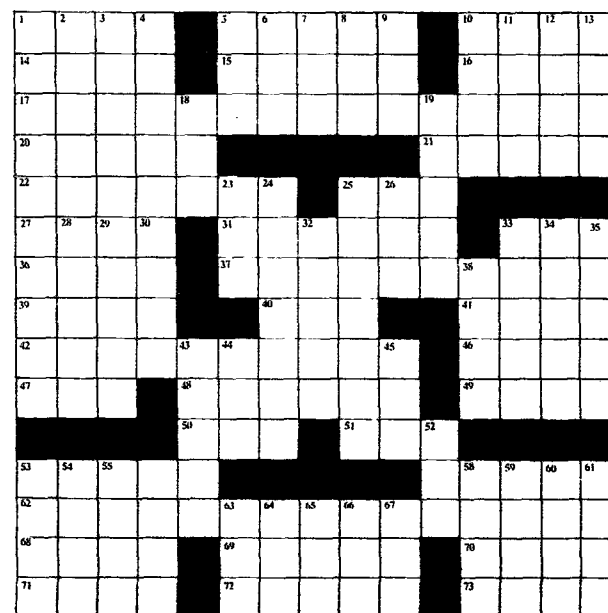
Of greatest import in understanding the absence of a socialist consciousness in either of the countries, he concluded, was the pervasive influence of the liberal ideology that has dominated countries where there has been no feudalism and aristocratic ideology. The "liberal fragment" of Europe—the U.S., Canada, and Australia—has been more resistant to socialism than any part of the advanced capitalist world. And by other indicators of class consciousness—trade union membership and worker allegiance to the most progressive party—Americans and Canadians are even less class-oriented than the Australians.

There is, then, such a thing as "American exceptionalism," and it includes both the U.S. and Canada. This suggests the necessity for an exceptional strategy. The need is to find a way to make fundamental ideological challenge within the context of a "liberal fragment" society that has electoral rules that lead almost inexorably to a two-party system.

The beginning point, I am suggesting, is to run on a full-blown platform for economic democracy in Democratic Party primaries. This will not guarantee the millennium, but it may give socialists the thin entering wedge they have seldom had—or been able to hold onto—in the past.

From San Diego up to Maine

by David Mermelstein



Across:

- 1 Annapolis inst.
- 5 Bell noise
- 10 Links obstacle
- 14 Implement
- 15 Fluid containing spermatozoa
- 16 Engineering school dept.
- 17 "...last night, _____"
- 20 City in NW Afghanistan
- 21 Form of trapshooting
- 22 Fed. regulatory agency: Abbr.
- 25 Slang-producing ending for good and will
- 27 Song subject and labor organizer
- 31 Traditional cold cure
- 33 Principle or rule: Abbr.
- 36 Hatred in Firenze
- 37 27 Across was this, among other things
- 39 Kitchen receptacle
- 40 _____, author of *Atomic Diplomacy*
- 41 Brownmiller subject
- 42 "...guns, _____, ..."
- 46 Kind of code
- 47 Sizes
- 48 Vergilian epic

Down:

- 49 Communist distributional principle
- 50 _____ deferens
- 51 Corp. or sergt.
- 53 Summon
- 57 Attain
- 62 "...dead, I _____"
- 68 Native people of central Canada
- 69 City in SE France
- 70 Cardinal's Slaughter
- 71 Song's music by _____ Robinson
- 72 Song's words by Alfred _____
- 73 Plants
- 10 Think or suit
- 11 Counsel or advise
- 12 Weapon, in Amiens
- 13 See 37 Across
- 18 And so on
- 19 Inhabitant of ancient empire: Abbr.
- 24 Work shoes
- 23 Not present: Abbr.
- 24 Work shoes
- 25 Fix deeply
- 26 Any of many Eng. kings: Abbr.
- 27 Entertains
- 28 Style of speaking
- 29 Chain units
- 30 Norse god of mischief, Balder's killer
- 32 "What's in _____?"
- 33 Gaze fixedly
- 34 Wigwag
- 35 Fear
- 38 Governed by despicable Shah
- 43 Tennis grand slammer
- 44 Meadow
- 45 Liberal political org.
- 52 Anatomical openings
- 53 Suffix for depend or differ
- 53 Woman's name (faith, in Russ.)
- 55 "_____ there"
- 56 On an even _____
- 58 Facial units
- 59 Donkey, in Cordoba
- 60 Army food
- 61 Imprisoned Nazi
- 63 Morse dash
- 64 Irish org.
- 65 _____ Culbertson
- 66 Ruby or Sandra
- 67 Hershey's agency: Abbr.

Solution next week

LIFE IN THE U.S.

World Hockey Assn. still kicking

By Barry Codell

When the National Hockey League refused to open its door to the fledgling World Hockey Association last fall, the sports universe uttered long, last rites for the upstarts and demanded the dispersal of the WHA "glamour boys."

But the junior league, miraculously, has resurfaced as the skatingest corpse on North American ice. Buoyed up by an influx of Swedish stars and the further adventures of hockey living gods Gordie Howe (New England Whalers) and Bobby Hull (Winnipeg Jets), the league has survived as a prideful eight-team conglomeration.

In its six-year struggle to stay afloat, the WHA has had a number of troubles, including numerous franchise shifts and personnel changes. Attendance has improved yearly, but has not been able to offset the spiralling salaries brought on by the battle with the NHL for player talent. Average salaries have risen to \$92,000.

Anxious to control salary escalation, the NHL moguls developed a plan to enable WHA teams to "join" the NHL ("merger" being a dirty word to a monopoly-conscious Congress) for an estimated \$6 million entrance fee. But by the time the WHA owners had produced the cash, NHL hardliners had reneged upon their position.

The smaller league, down to eight teams with the season a month away, suspected the NHL of dirty play. Instead of folding, however, the WHA voted to keep fighting, vowing to stay separate from the NHL in the future.

Better exhibition record.

The WHA has not stood still publicizing itself. Citing its 13-6-1 exhibition record against NHL foes the WHA declared its own superiority. "We would not allow the NHL to join us," New England president Harold Smith sneered after the exhibition showing.

With the slimming down to its present eight-team structure and a new economy wave uniting the owners, salaries seemed to have peaked, with clubs even unloading veterans. The NHL has followed suit.

The trend was illustrated by the case of Derek Sanderson. Sanderson, 29, who has signed million dollar contracts in each league during his career, offered his services for free to any WHA or NHL team, without luck, at the beginning of this season.

Innovative policies have garnered needed attendance for the WHA this year. The league has been playing a series of games with the vaunted Soviet and Czechoslovakian national teams, with all contests counting in the league standings, for example.

Fans and purists alike have embraced the WHA concept of a 10-minute overtime to break ties. The NHL has long resisted the idea of "sudden-death." Meanwhile, WHA faithful have left arenas buzzing after breathtakers such as New England's 4-3 thriller over Cincinnati on Jan. 1.

The amazing Gordie Howe.

The amazing Gordie Howe has also focused national attention on the World Hockey Association. Nearing his 50th birthday, Howe scored the 1,000th goal of his career Dec. 7 when he slipped the puck past Birmingham goaltender John Garret. Howe noted that it was a similar shot to his first goal, when as a member of the Detroit Red Wings, he beat Toronto's Turk Broda. The date was Oct. 16, 1946.

The enormity of Howe's performance and endurance records may best be measured by noting that only three of his Whaler teammates had been born when he scored his first tally, two others are



The amazing Gordie Howe has focused attention on the WHA. Almost 50, he scored his 1000th goal Dec. 7.

his sons (winger Mark and defenseman Marty), and another, Gordie Roberts, was named after him when born in 1957, by which time the redoubtable Howe had become Detroit's most legendary sports figure.

Arthritis forced Howe to retire from the Red Wings in 1971, after 25 seasons and a record 786 NHL goals.

In 1973 Howe was offered a chance to fulfill his lifetime dream of playing on the same team with his sons by signing with the Houston Aeros of the WHA. Branded as a publicity stunt by the rival NHL, Howe quickly showed the wisdom of the choice when he won the league's Most Valuable Player trophy.

Leading the Aeros to three straight WHA crowns, he moved on to his present employers, the Whalers, following contractual difficulty with the Aeros' management after the 1976-77 season.

Insiders attribute Howe's success to his rigid training method and mental dedication. In this, his 30th season, his weight remains the same—205 pounds. His coach, Harry Neale marveled, "Earlier this season Howe played four road games in five nights, then was one of only six players to show up for an 8:30 am practice!"

Howe's style has remained the same. "Gordie's remarkably economical in his movements and unbelievably creative," Neale says. "Thirty years have gone by, and he still does something new with the puck every night."

Bobby Hull.

Howe's nonchalance contrasts with that of the WHA's main attraction, Winnipeg's Golden Jet, Bobby Hull. At the age of 38 Hull still generates excitement with his explosive slap shot and flashy movement. Known as hockey's world-wide ambassador, Hull holds the professional re-

cord with nine 50-goal seasons.

After scoring 604 goals with the Chicago Black Hawks, Hull became enamored of the WHA idea in 1973. When the Black Hawks refused to match a multi-million dollar offer from the Jets, Hull jumped leagues, giving the WHA instant credibility and starting the venomous bidding between the two leagues.

Hull preached a non-violent gospel for the new league, hoping to incorporate the European style of masterful skating and passing rather than employing heavy body checking and intimidation. He even went as far as staging a one-man strike to magnify his concern with the growing glorification of brutality.

His most important contribution to the league may have been his acquisition of two young Swedish stars for the Jets: the mercurial right wing Anders Hedberg and the precision passing center Ulf Nilsson. With Hull, they form hockey's most successful and feared line, having brought Winnipeg the 1977 WHA championship.

Hedberg, 26, became the first hockey player ever to average better than a goal per game, in 1976-77, netting 70 markers in 68 contests.

Nilsson, 27, endured more physical abuse than any player upon joining the WHA, but persevered to become the league's fanciest playmaker.

New stars.

Other young stars are again displaying their prowess this year. Cincinnati's Robbie Ftorek, the WHA's Most Valuable Player last season, is the first American-born player to be named to the All Star team. At 5'8" and 150 pounds, the one-time figure skater plays with crowd-pleasing enthusiasm and finesse.

The Quebec Nordiques' Real Cloutier became the youngest scoring champion in

the history of major league hockey last season when, at the age of 20, he scored 66 goals and added 75 assists for an amazing 141 points.

Cloutier's teammate, the graceful Marc Tardif won the 1975-76 scoring championship with a record 148 points, and has returned to form after a 1976 playoff mugging by Calgary's Rick Jodzio.

In two WHA seasons Birmingham's 20-year-old Mark Napier has scored 103 goals, and experts say his booming shot may balloon his total to Howe-like proportions.

NHL teams are watching these stars with waiting checkbooks, hoping to lure them from the WHA, and dreaming of the day the WHA will fold.

The NHL Chicago Black Hawks have sent all-time great Bobby Orr to scout Hedberg and Nilsson, broadly hinting that Bobby Hull would be welcome back also. Ballard says his team "will not be outbid."

Meanwhile, the WHA is still in business in eight cities: Winnipeg, Cincinnati, Edmonton, Quebec, Houston, Birmingham, and Indianapolis. The Association, although hampered by the lack of media exposure, is a place where former NHL heroes like Dave Keon, John McKenzie, and Frank Mahovlich thrive, and newcomers like New England's George Lyle are making their reputation.

As an alternative to the staid NHL, the WHA has offered fans entertaining hockey and, by its continued presence, it gives hockey players the added choice of league for bargaining leverage.

The World Hockey Association has reached the same point in its career as Gordie Howe, playing one year at a time and leaving a tremendous impact on the game.

Barry Codell is a poet in Chicago.

Wit' a Brooklyn Accent



Sports need tension

By Mark Naison

In the last year at least five of my friends have come to me singing the praises of a book called *The Inner Game of Tennis*. "Hey Mark, you've got to read this book," they've said. "It claims that the way to improve your game is to free yourself of anxiety on the court, to flow into your strikes, to be really mellow."

After listening carefully to their arguments and looking at the book, I'm convinced that the book is nothing more than a big "hustle," engineered by an author who knows how to exploit the insecurities of an American middle class that longs to live free of pain and struggle.

Not only are tension and anxiety organic to athletic competition, but they are an important source of the creative energy that is released in sports. While it's true that excessive anxiety and doubt can cripple an athlete, very few people can reach their athletic potential without putting considerable pressure on themselves to maintain complete concentration and to endure the pain of sustained effort.

When you're in the middle of a two-hour tennis match and your opponent is running you from one side of the court to the other, a little voice inside you begins to suggest that you run a little less

quickly, forget to bend your knees, or perhaps go for a winner whether it's the right time or not, just to get the point over with. If you don't fight that voice, nine times out of ten, you're going to lose the point.

The same thing is true in the late stages of a basketball game, when you're debating whether to run or trot back on defense when the other team gets a rebound; or in a track meet when an opponent

Not only are tension and anxiety organic, but they're important as a creative source.

starts to pass you; or in a football game when you're debating whether to throw a downfield block even though your whole body aches.

Under stress conditions every athlete experiences an internal conflict that determines how much effort she/he will put out; and there is no way someone can be consistently "mellow" in the face of that pressure.

People taking up competitive sports for the first time—particularly women—

should have no illusions about the feelings the experience evokes. When you're playing a sport seriously, it stretches your personality to its limits. You experience anger and resignation, doubt and exaltation, loneliness and communal warmth. In some situations, the effort to excel, or to stave off defeat, can become a metaphor for one's most cherished personal goals and deepest fears. Winning *can*, at times, seem like a confirmation of one's essential goodness; losing can seem like a portent of failure or even death.

Sports can also make people feel light-hearted and playful, graceful and free, funky and relaxed, but if you play with enthusiasm and abandon, if you push yourself to your limit, there's no way the experience can be painless.

This even holds in non-competitive sports like jogging. On some mornings, when you get out of bed to run, you're whole body creaks and aches. It may take two or three miles at a slow pace before you hit the "zone" where you begin to flow into your stride and your mind begins to relax enough to harmonize with your surroundings. The feeling is wonderful, but it takes a lot of hard work to get there.

Some of the new sports "gurus" would like us to forget that.

suburban origins in American sports history?

Are recreation centers a part of every urban neighborhood? Are facilities co-ed or separate for women and men? Do the recreation centers contain saunas, steam rooms, whirlpool baths? Can you get a massage there? Do they offer ballet classes? Yoga classes? Karate, boxing, fencing, wrestling classes? Or are these physical pursuits too "decadent," or "spiritual," or "violent" to teach?

Is there such a job as "coach" anymore?

Are sporting events televised?

What kind of physical education is taught in schools? Is PE still isolated from the rest of the curriculum? Is it mandatory? Are PE classes ever "tracked" according to ability?

Is race or sex or age mentioned in relation to physical talents anymore? (i.e., the black quarterback, the woman discus thrower, the 39-year-old Yaztremski.)

How have changes in the American diet affected sports participation and achievement?

How will women carry their bodies with the gradual disappearance of high-heeled shoes?

Will professional or intramural or pick-up team sports be co-ed? Will women's teams challenge men's teams to full court basketball games? Will the women win? Have the rules ever been changed to accommodate co-ed sports competition?

What will "winning" mean?

Will victory celebrations that waste quantities of champagne be officially "discouraged"? Will hotdogs completely vanish from the bleachers?

What kind of beer will you bring to the office/neighborhood/school/conference softball tournament?

Would it still be the 4th of July without an All-Star game?

Anita Diamant writes regularly on sports for IN THESE TIMES.

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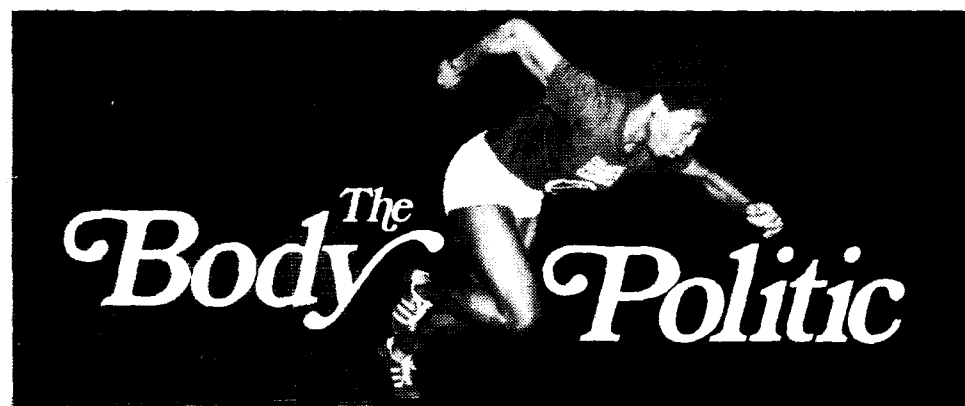
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Sports after capitalism?

By Anita Diamant

In the U.S. today women are systematically excluded from all levels of sports participation. Access to equipment, facilities and coaching are limited according to class and race as well as sex. Spectator sports are squeezed and distorted to increase profits—which is no more than to say that sports in America reflect the social and economic imperatives of capitalism.

Criticizing sports from a socialist perspective means criticizing capitalism as well. But subjects like Title IX, which bans discrimination against women in federally supported school sports, and the degradation of hockey also need to be informed by an open, creative vision of what sports could be like. And only a playful approach to the subject can restore playfulness to our now dead serious attitude towards athletic games and competition.

So let's imagine we live in a democra-

tic socialist America. The air is cleaner, the cities are both quiet and brighter. People control the decisions that affect their own work, leisure, study and entertainment time. Slowly, women and men are changing old power relationships. Sexual preference ceased being an issue years ago, as dead as the term "mixed marriage."

What are sports like in these socialist United States?

Do professional sports persist, supported like the regional puppet and theater troupes? Do outstanding athletes give training sessions, like the great dancers offer master classes to advanced students?

Are global Olympics defunct or are they annual?

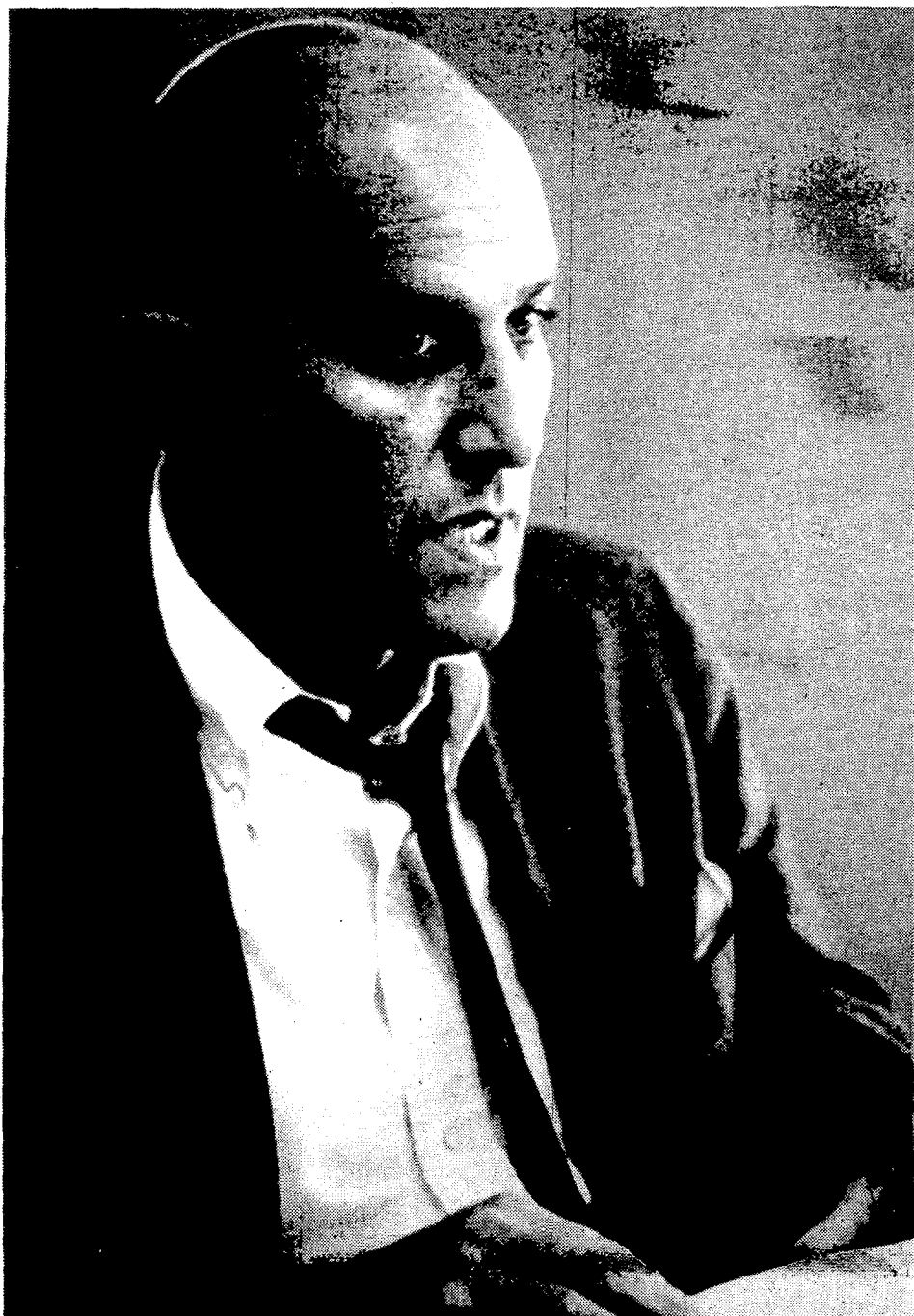
Does everyone (who cares to) participate in team sports? Has golf been abolished as wasteful and individualistic?

Are beer and bowling still synonymous?

Do women play tackle football? Does anyone? Has soccer replaced it or was soccer passed over because of its early

Obituary

Paul Jacobs



Peace and Freedom Party

By Saul Landau

Once, when an undergraduate student challenged Paul Jacob's statement that he was a free man, saying that he, Paul, was not free to take off his clothes in front of the hundreds of students in the auditorium, Paul, before the student had finished, began to disrobe. By the time he reached for his undershirt, his wife Ruth rose from the back of the tension-filled hall, roared with disgust and left the room—with Paul in his undershorts. He laughed. A few students tittered nervously. "Well," he said, "you can see that freedom is at least a very complicated issue."

Before Paul Jacobs succumbed to a cancer-induced heart attack at age 59, his wife of 40 years, Ruth Rosenfield, died. Her death made his struggle against lung cancer more difficult, more lonely. In July he had told me that he felt "a crab biting me inside my chest." At that point he began to plan the end of his life without the leitmotifs that he had enjoyed and made so many others enjoy: work and fun; risk and love.

"You don't think about sex when you have cancer," Paul had thought and talked much about sex. "I can't seem to wake up early anymore." He had characteristically risen between three and five in the morning, when his typewriter began to clack. And work became so difficult for a man who had a strong habit. The "bon vivant" began to lose his appetite, but so strong was his love for good food that even after shooting himself up with morphine he emitted an audible "Umh," over a bowl of spaghetti with fresh clam sauce.

Paul had smokers' cancer but did not smoke. His doctors and scientist friends suggested that his cancer could have come from inhaling radioactive dust. In a broader vein, another friend said that bureaucrats in the State department had given him the cancer, which had been produced really and symbolically by his enemies in the Atomic Energy Commission,

the State department, Defense, etc.... Paul attacked those in power, not because he resented their power, but because these people lied, cheated and committed crimes of vast proportions.

And these powerful people continually wished ill upon him. They called Paul a "critic of society." No. Paul defended a society against the incursions of the state. Under the guise of National Security and the "Soviet threat" the state apparatchiks had formed an exclusive club to dominate traditional society, and Paul saw his job, his professional life as a reporter, in exposing these unaccount-

ables. Paul represented the public, because the press is as close a contact as this bureaucracy has with the American public.

The Atomic Energy Commission functionaries routinely refused him access to unclassified documents. His fight with them began at the time he unknowingly inhaled radioactive dust in an area around the 1957 Smoky test site at the Utah-Nevada border. Writing for the *Reporter*, Paul bought a geiger counter and brought it to the very spot the AEC had proclaimed was "perfectly safe." The needle jumped deep into the red zone and the little machine squawked like a Chihuahua whose tail was stepped on. Paul then exposed the AEC, which had shown great willingness to risk the lives of thousands of people. And the AEC exposed Paul to radioactivity.

Paul played a unique social role, serving as a link between the vestige of morality in the liberal establishment and the movements for social justice. Paul did for militants in Watts, Indians trying to regain fishing rights in Washington, migrant farmworkers, Micronesian independence advocates and prisoners' unions what no other reporter did. In establishment organs he made their grievances known, aired their suffering, demanded justice for them without a trace of condescension or paternalism, without giving them a fashionable look. Paul served brief terms on Kennedy poverty and Peace Corps programs, simultaneously attacking the Kennedy administration.

California Governor Pat Brown appointed him to a state commission and shortly after, Paul on a soapbox accused Brown of using "fascist tactics" against the Berkeley Free Speech Movement. Brown unappointed him.

Paul often boasted of his '30s Trotskyism, when he belonged to a splinter sect in Minneapolis, but ideology did not play a great role in his later life. He admitted that he used his 1940s and '50s anti-Stalinism to get jobs with establishment anti-communists. Then he broke those ties, and attacked the Cold War and his former Cold Warrior associates. He regained his socialist commitment through his contact with the poor, the workers and the oppressed whereas former associates like Bayard Rustin moved in the other direction. He admitted that he played a bad role in helping get the West Coast Longshore Union (ILWU) evicted from the CIO for "communist tendencies," but he also liked having Harry Bridges as an enemy. By the late 1950s, however, Paul's focus against Stalinism and the Soviet Union switched forever to supporting the American poor and minorities and against those who oppressed them; and to the cause of justice for Israelis and Palestinians—

which led him to be reviled by the American Jewish establishment.

And always he tracked the Atomic Energy Commission (now ERDA and NRC). From Utah and Nevada in the 1950s to Tarapur, India, in 1976 where he found the same lies and cover ups in the atomic plant the U.S. had sold to India. Non-existent safety regulations had caused thousands of workers and residents of the area to be exposed to large doses of radioactivity. He made friends among the victims all over the world and he began to carry their suffering with him on his travels. In 1971 he interviewed a cowboy named Elmer Jackson on whom atomic fallout had blown. Jackson, his cancer well advanced, slowly and painfully stepped down from his saddle to talk to Paul, and Paul, as we filmed with him, on that very site in mid-December, 1977, slowly and painfully pulled his cancer riddled body from the car to walk to the filming location.

Paul taught everyone who was educable valuable lessons in living and friendship. He taught people how to extract pleasure from stuffing a clove of garlic into a lamb or measuring just the right ingredients to make a perfect persimmon pudding. He collected hats from all over the world to adorn his bald pate, and he loved to be recognized on the street. He said often that there were only 1,200 people in the world. He knew everyone of them, and he made each feel a little bit special. Sometimes his outrages went beyond the frontier of good taste—trying to get an airline stewardess to share a joint with him in the 747 bathroom while posing as a rabbit—but even these and his sexual escapades made for more than good stories: they taught people about not accepting limits. And Paul could get high, as he did on his experience with Cuban socialism, and he could fall into deep depression as he did often when dealing with the Middle East and American Jewry, and as he did when he encountered the horrible details of the murder of Charles Hermon and Frank Terruggi by the Chilean Junta, with clear collusion by U.S. officials. He began to feel very alone, isolated. Too much pain. Then the crab entered his chest.

Paul and I wrote two books together, made many films, and collaborated on many projects and adventures, as fellows of the Institute for Policy Studies. He taught me to wake up early and, when not actually working on a project, we often shared our early morning thoughts and dreams on the telephone.

It is early morning now in California, and I have just spent the day going through Paul's papers, with his brother and only family, Cliff. And I have no one to phone. Many will miss him. ■

Was Jacobs victim of the AEC?

By Eve Pell

Pacific News Service

Paul Jacobs, a San Francisco resident and a long-time political activist who made a career of provoking controversy through six books, several television documentaries and countless newspaper and magazine articles, died Jan. 3.

One of his major investigations took him to a nuclear weapons testing site in Nevada where he found that nearby residents were in grave danger from cancer. Another took him to Mississippi and Seveso, Italy, where the lethal herbicide TCDD was posing a similar public threat.

Last July, a lymph node removed from Jacobs' neck was found to be malignant. The diagnosis: adenocarcinoma, an uncommon form of lung cancer often associated with airborne radiation—and nearly always fatal.

Two decades ago, in 1957, Jacobs travelled to Nevada and Utah to investigate charges that the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) was then negligently conducting nuclear weapons tests above ground—neither informing the public nor taking

precautions to safeguard public health.

Jacobs visited ranches in the area, interviewed families, and saw women whose hair had fallen out, cowboys who had been burned by clouds of radioactive dust and parents of children who had recently died of leukemia.

He later obtained a secret U.S. Health Service report documenting all that residents had told him and more. Then, without volunteering that he had the report, he interviewed AEC officials, who denied flatly that their tests posed any hazards whatsoever.

"So I decided that I was going to take a Geiger counter and see for myself what was going on," Jacobs recalled. "I got there right after one of the test series, which were by all odds the worst because the atomic device had been detonated from a tower, which meant that the earth underneath it got pulverized and there was radioactive dust everywhere."

"I went up in the hills in Utah and Nevada where, according to the AEC, the fallout was not too heavy. I remember vividly coming to a couple of places as I was prowling around where the Geiger

counter went off the scale because the count was so high, and I had to switch the scales on it.

"One way you can get cancer," Jacobs added, "is by simply breathing in a particle of dust which had been made radioactive by being part of the fallout. It could just be dust lying on the ground: you could walk along and your feet would stir up the dust and you could inhale it."

Jacobs himself, who had studied the effects of radiation on the human body, thought that a radioactive particle may have lodged in his lung and later, in a period when his body's resistance was low, triggered his cancer. The timing between the exposure and the spread of the disease, he said in an interview shortly before his death, fits that theory. ■

Eve Pell is co-author with Paul Jacobs of the book *To Serve the Devil*, and editor of *Maximum Security*.

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ART «» ENTERTAINMENT

Records



Toni Brown and Terry Garthwaite

THE JOY

Toni Brown and Terry Garthwaite
(Fantasy)

This is a beautiful, gutsy album. Brown and Garthwaite headed *The Joy of Cooking*, the woman-led rock group that disbanded a few years ago. Each has made her own solo album. Now they've come together in cohesive and upbeat meditation on love and the joy and sorrow the sexes can bring each other.

Their first band leaned toward country; the music here is rhythm and blues, driven by a terrific black rhythm section (Reggie McBride, bass; James Gadson, drums) and enhanced by crystalline production and arrangements.

Brown does most of the writing, Garthwaite most of the singing. The latter's voice has the best drawl this side of Karen Dalton, who is probably the best white woman blues singer. Their harmonies work effortlessly, Brown taking the clear high road, Garthwaite the lazier low one (Garthwaite's "Feel Like Heaven.")

You can tell the two have been through enough experience to be able to communicate their lives in music. When they revive Eddie Floyd's old Stax hit, "Till Your Back Ain't Got No Bone," the rhythm-and-blues strut the song celebrates sounds new again.

Brown's "Snow" (a sarcastic funny tune playing on a love affair in which the man was so clean his brightness made the woman uptight) is bitter, punchy, yet jazzy. No matter how close Brown and Garthwaite come to diatribe, their humor and acceptance keeps the music dominant.

A cassette of this would make fine driving music: "Morning Man," based on changes from the old chestnut, "Fever," is a great ode to radio; and the Motown-inflected "Beginning Tomorrow," is sure to be disco-fied.

When Brown and Garthwaite first hit with their earlier band, it was tagged as a women's group, and writers marveled that women could lead a band as well as men. Brown and Garthwaite have always written as women, but their

music has never been sexist. They are strong singers and writers who happen to be women singing out of their experience.

Their lives sound damn good here. Their music has never been stronger.

—Carlo Wolff
Carlo Wolff edits *The Vermont Vanguard* and reviews records regularly for *IN THESE TIMES*.

JAZZ

New offerings from the corporate jazz labels are getting progressively weaker. Occasionally, a release with all honest musicians and only a few producers' impositions slips through; most of the music being processed by these companies, however, is a different story.

Whatever real playing that does occur is so heavily surrounded with loud and empty electronic noise, with stagnated rhythms that allow people to stay with the music without exerting any more of their own energy than they do watching TV, and with inferior quality musicians whose names, whiteness or both further enhance the record as a product, that any real musical point of the album is long obscured.

In the midst of all this, or more accurately in another place from all this, contemporary African-American music, or jazz, is being driven forward as strongly as ever. Right now there is a strong and expanding corps of musicians who are developing new forms for playing and, improvising within these forms, are carrying on the most crucial of old concepts by having something *happening* at each moment. This latter quality, which has most likely been known of for thousands of years, can only come from the engagement of the deepest and furthest reaches of the human beings who create the music; consequently, those who listen/participate in the sounds are pointed towards like aspects of *their* selves. The new forms make an important contribution, also, by giving the improvisors more freedom to pursue further possibilities that exist within the old principles.

Bit by bit, this music is getting recorded, usually on import labels or by small record companies started and run by enthusiasts of the music or by the musicians themselves. In 1977, three of the best such albums to appear were *The Grip* by Arthur Blythe (India Navigation), *Clarity* by Michael Jackson (BIJA), and *Moonflight* by Rashied Ali (Survival).

Arthur Blythe is a musician who has been respected by his peers for over a decade as one of the leading handful of pioneers and technicians on his instrument but who has remained largely unknown outside these circles. *The Grip* is a record which is permeated with that high level movement of ideas that touches the classic recordings of the masters. The variety of instrumentations and compositions makes for a special breadth of feelings and textures that reflects the breadth of the minds creating them. Blythe shows himself to be a true giant through his control of the sounds of his horn, the distinctness of his voice, and his ability to only play notes which say something.

Clarity is a record whose very individual beauty and peacefulness grows on you with repeated listenings. Michael Jackson is becoming recognized as a talented as well as forward thinking guitarist. Joining him on this debut album are three of the most important voices on the scene: saxophonists Oliver Lake and David Murray and trumpeter Leo Smith.

But this is not a "blowing session" for these four to show off their individual talents. Rather, their inspired personal statements are made in reference to a whole that has a warmth, a color, and growth as such. There is also one solo performance by Jackson, "Preludeoionti," which is a stunning display of what can be done with the dynamics of the acoustic guitar.

Rashied Ali is a more familiar name than Michael Jackson or Arthur Blythe. He was the drummer in John Coltrane's last group, and shares much of the credit for one of the most important innovations in black music in the 1960s: non-metered drumming. *Moonflight* clearly illustrates the level of his current playing and of the group he had a year or so back. There are some burning numbers where Rashied's solos make you wonder just how hard it is possible to play the drums and still be under total control of all the little swells of energy that are contained in and spring from the overall rhythm-force. Just as much a highlight is the group's rendition of the ballad, "Soul Eyes," which presents in pure and unmistakable form the special warmth of this musical tradition.

—John Kordalewski

John Kordalewski has a radio show on jazz in Washington, D.C.

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—Studs Terkel

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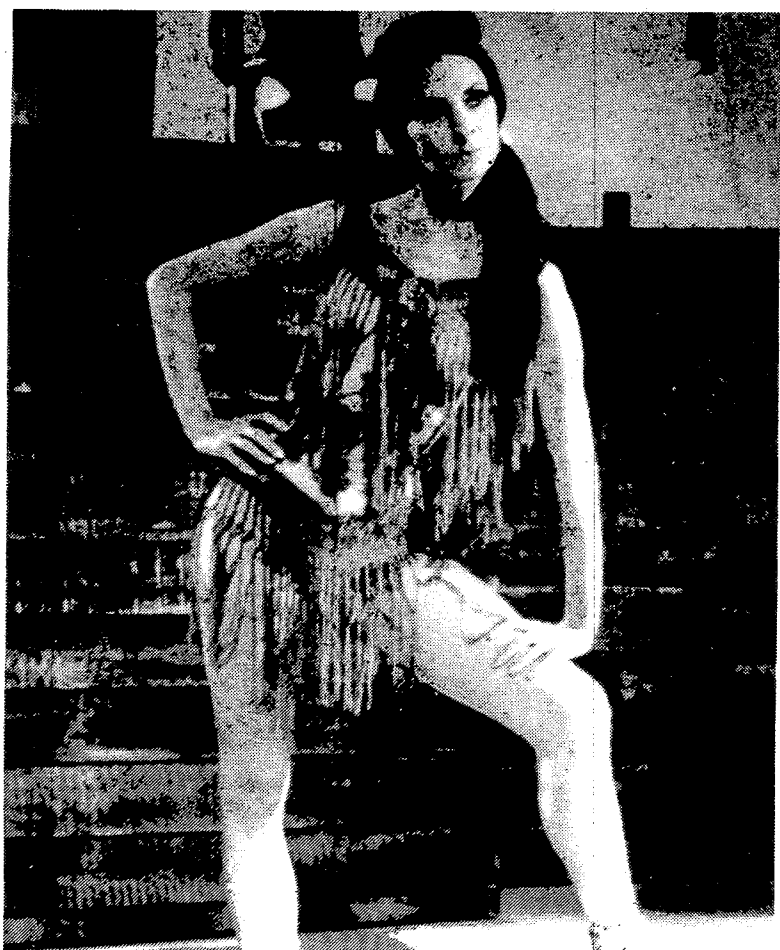
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FILM

Films about dancers, classical and pop



Alicia Alonso with the National Ballet of Cuba.

When Alicia Alonso returned to her native Cuba to assume direction of the National Ballet of Cuba, one of the brightest luminaries of the ballet world disappeared from the American stage. This fall, after an absence of 17 years, she returned to perform with her old company, the American Ballet Theater.

Despite a mini-thaw in the U.S./Cuban relations, Alonso's return was not without incident. Cuban exiles passed out handbills denouncing her as an agent of the "G2 Communist secret

police." The Met's curtain rose an hour and a half late on her gala performance after police searched the opera house for bombs. And on PBS, Dick Cavett prodded her about "political control" of the arts in Cuba.

Born in 1921 to a well-to-do Havana family, Alicia Martinez Hoyo began ballet lessons as a child. Her bourgeois family took a dim view of a stage career for their daughter; and at 15 she eloped to the U.S. with Fernando Alonso, a fellow dancer.

The Alonsos continued their

studies in New York with Russian teachers and, like most American dancers of the time, paid the rent by working in Broadway musicals.

An open audition at Manhattan's Lewisohn Stadium in 1941 marked a turning point in Alicia's career. She was invited to join the newly founded Ballet Theater. Moving quickly from the *corps de ballet* to the rank of soloist, Alicia, as she is known in Cuba, distinguished herself in a wide variety of roles. When she substituted for ailing Alicia Markova in the coveted role of Giselle, *New York Times* dance critic John Martin hailed her debut as "brilliant" and "one of the most distinguished performances of the season."

It was as Giselle that Alonso returned to New York this fall. Now 56, an age when most dancers have turned to teaching and coaching, she has passed her prime as a technician. Movements that were once her forte no longer come easily. What remains is her consummate skill as an actress. Her 15-year-old peasant girl is still remarkably credible, and the resurrected sylph of the second act is as ethereal as ever.

Tricontinental Films' decision to release two Cuban-produced films about Alicia Alonso is particularly welcome. They fill a major gap in Alonso's career as

a dancer and offer an intriguing glimpse of the Cuban company she has directed for almost 20 years, which will be seen for the first time in the U.S. this summer.

The first film is a full-length production of *Giselle* shot in 1964 when Alonso was still at the peak of her form. Her lyric grace shines in the delicate footwork, multiple turns and sustained balances of the second act. Here is the very essence of romantic dancing. Equally remarkable is the high technical level of what in 1964 was a very young company.

The ensemble of this socialist company plays a far more important role than in traditional productions. In restaging the first act, Alonso not only added jesters, live hounds and a horse to create the village atmosphere, but choreographed the famous peasant *pas de deux* to include the entire ensemble.

The second film, *Alicia*, is more successful in introducing Alonso, artist and public figure, to general audiences. It runs 75 minutes and includes interviews as well as clips from *Giselle*, *Swan Lake*, the *Grand Pas de Quatre* and several scenes from *Carmen*. But *Alicia* only hints at the enormous challenge Alonso faced when she assumed direction of the National Ballet in 1960.

Prior to the revolution, Cuba

had no permanent ballet company, no professional school, and no popular audience for dance. Alonso's achievement has been the creation of an institution modeled on the great European companies.

Promising youngsters are accepted into the school at the age of eight where they receive at state expense dance and regular schooling as well as board. Upon graduation, they join the company where they remain until retirement. As Lincoln Kirsten (who bankrolled George Balanchine's School of American Ballet) realized over 40 years ago, a ballet company is only as good as its school.

Alonso has also built up a popular audience for ballet. The company's extensive touring has brought dance to remote parts of the island. The repertoire, a mix of classical and contemporary works, has a strong Spanish accent. There is even a ballet dedicated to Che Guevara (which will not be seen in the U.S. this summer).

"The most difficult thing about dancing," she explains in *Alicia*, "is to dance well." But that is only half the story. Alicia Alonso's life is more than a striving for artistic perfection. It has been a life devoted to bringing dance to the hearts of her people.

—Lynn Garafola



John Travolta and partner
SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER
Directed by John Badham
Screenplay by Norman Wexler
from a story by Nik Cohn
Paramount, Rated R

Saturday Night Fever is about a tough guy who questions the values of his youth.

The dead end world of Brooklyn gangs is the setting. Tony, the main character, is a self-conscious gang member, who is also king of the disco every Saturday night.

It's a claustrophobic world in which Tony moves, and he realizes its limitations. Its dirty streets and the artificial intensity of the disco contrast with the airy, towering image of the Brooklyn Bridge, which is Tony's way out.

The visual style carries what might have been a routine script

past its rough spots and clichés. The irrational menace of the urban jungle is created by skillful camera work and location shooting. Against this background, we see Tony using the part of the city most people fear as a retreat, a place to think in peace. This powerful, ambiguous image makes Tony's ultimate choice more poignant.

The dance sequences are very effective; they work on a level of pure entertainment and also contribute to the dramatic build. The cool narcissism of Tony's dancing and the unfounded adulation and expectations it creates give us a feeling for pop culture. It also allows the movie to explore a secondary motif.

When the pure emotional involvement of any social innovation (be it dancing, music, sexual freedom or whatever) is merchandized, who are the winners and the losers, and where does the responsibility lie?

The best moments of *Fever* are also the simplest. With only John Travolta on camera and no dialogue, the movie is brought to its dramatic peak. There are some scenes of sex and violence that seem unnecessary, but for the most part, the cheap shot is avoided. It is a well written, tightly directed, articulate film.

—Kenneth Slavin
Kenneth Slavin is a writer/carpenter in Chicago.

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BOOKS

Prize-winning novel explores the black experience in America

HONO OF SOLOMON
by Toni Morrison
A.A. Knopf, \$12.95

The search for "roots," generated by Alex Haley's phenomenal success, has mostly produced commercial self-help. But Toni Morrison's novel, *Song of Solomon*, proves that in the hands of a gifted writer, it can produce a work both moving and insightful.

Morrison's third book is about the need for mythologies to transmit and express collective and personal experience. In the guise of family history, she creates a fictional tale in which the reality of her black heroes are woven with fantasy and magic. In so doing, she transforms authentically American material into the "magical realism" we have come to expect from Latin American writers.

The family of Macon Dead is well off and well respected. It lives behind lace curtains, cut off from the poor black community and the experience of living. Ruth, the mother (daughter of the Michigan town's only doctor), is sensuous and sexually deprived. Her husband, Macon Sr., who doubles as a slumlord and speculator, is fervent in his belief in hard work and hard cash.

Unlike other migrants to the North, the Deads have wiped the slate clean of their southern past. Memory begins with Ruth's father,

Dr. Foster, and it is in his shadow that his grandchildren (First Corinthians, Magdalene called Lena, and Milkman) spend their days.

As they grow older, the cloistered sphere of their lives narrows. Yet behind the white mask of their genteel respectability stirs the itch to explore their blackness—First Corinthians in a relationship with a working class black man; her brother in his search for the lost African heritage of his father.

A more unlikely hero than Macon Dead Jr. would be hard to imagine. With a temperament to match his nickname (people call him Milkman because his mother nursed him till he was five) and little to show for his 30 years, he flies south, lured by his father's promise of buried gold.

It is Macon's first journey south. He never finds the gold, of course, but in a back-country Virginia town, he hears the chronicle of his family recounted as the "Song of Solomon" in a nursery rhyme chanted by children at play.

Along the way he discovers the rural beauty of the South, the easy hospitality of long-lost kin, and family skeletons rattling in respectable closets. Sifting through county gossip, legend, and folklore, he unscrambles the mixed blood lines of his Indian and black grandparents, and the mystery of their trek north after the

Civil War to Pennsylvania. (Bound for a Quaker school in Boston, they turned off in Pennsylvania by mistake.) He learns the true story of his grandfather's lynching at the instigation of whites, greedy to turn his farm into dairy lands. Most importantly, he experiences for the first time the feeling of "likes" in the simple black expression "I know your people."

With a deft hand, Morrison channels both anger and pain into humor—fanciful at times, caustic and dead serious at others. The Deads have come by their name because a drunken Yankee at the Freedman's Bureau got his facts wrong. A hospital that turns away blacks is baptized "No Mercy" by neighborhood wags. The "Seven Days," a secret society operating out of a local barbershop, plots to avenge black lives taken by whites.

In Toni Morrison's fiction, the real world is only a point of departure. In *Sula*, her second novel, the setting is the black quarter of an Ohio town that has been leveled to make way for a golf course and comes to life through the filter of memory. In *Song of Solomon*, the true history of Macon Dead and his people lies not so much in the facts of their existence as in the fictions their lives create. In both works the past takes on a magical quality with



Toni Morrison this week won the National Book Critics Award for her third novel, *Song of Solomon*, which explores the need for mythologies to express collective and personal experience.

events transformed into legend and folklore that assume in turn a life of their own.

Like other contemporary black writers, Morrison eschews politics for "negritude." Underlying the saga of Macon Dead Jr. is the religious theme of resurrection. The young man is reborn—not because of any political act—but through an epiphany of height-

ened consciousness.

With *Song of Solomon* Toni Morrison has consolidated her reputation as a major black voice. A work of poetic power and grace, her latest novel makes "rootsmania" the stuff of art.

—Lynn Garafola

Lynn Garafola reviews films, dance, and books for IN THESE TIMES

A modern Tower of (psycho)Babel

PSYCHOBABBLE

By R. D. Rosen
Atheneum, \$8.95

Rosen has written an indispensable book about the new techniques for getting into your own head, and about the effect of these techniques on the ways all of us—not just the elect of all these new sects—think and feel. He has called his book *Psychobabble*, having invented that term and thus enriched the language at least semipermanently.

Psychobabble is the language of the new intimacy, the new openness with others, the new capacity to feel one's own emotions. It is in part an attempt to fill vast gaps in the pre-existing lexicon of psychology and feeling. Doing "your own thing," for example, is a useful phrase which expresses a notion graphically and economically. The same can be said for "getting your act together," ego-tripping and much of the rest of psychobabble.

The problem is that all the new language is almost instantly reducible to cliché and that, in aggregate, a way of pretending candor and depth of feeling while avoiding both. The psychobabblers, Rosen says, "seem barely to be talking about themselves at all. Their words don't belong to them so much as to the current guru of choice or best-selling self-help book. It's as if they've rented their insights for the occasion."

Just so. Psychobabble is by

The psychobabblers seem barely to be talking about themselves at all. Their words don't belong to them so much as to the current guru or self-help book.

now a vast warehouse of plastic language in which store-bought emotional concepts can almost completely replace personal self-expression. It is a grab-bag of all the windy, sincere-sounding new phrases, spoken by everyone from acid heads to reference librarians keyed on *Psychology Today*.

All this is plain enough. Rosen's achievement is to link psychobabble with human behavior. He sees, and explains at length, that people addicted to such talk are incapable of emotions less synthetic than their language. For him language is the indispensable tool of thought. What we can't say, we can't conceptualize, and if we talk mush, we can only think mush. As for emotions, the very act of describing them distorts and stereotypes them. When the descriptions become so much cant, the person having them ceases to really feel and begins to read like a robot.

Rosen offers an incisive review

of several of the trendy therapies and touches upon some of their dangers. There is a harrowing example of the gravest danger of all: that fad shrinks will fail to screen out people who are deeply disturbed and witlessly precipitate their journeys into psychosis.

But the real strength of *Psychobabble* is Rosen's explication of the debasement of language and the collapse of personal integrity that this debasement both signifies and encourages.

I wish I could agree with Rosen on the implications of his discussion. He turns out to have his own guru, the panjandrum of the whole contentious crew, Sigmund Freud. R.D. Rosen is as blind to Freud's imperfections and pretensions as he is alive to everyone else's. He believes in Freudian analysis and misses few opportunities to push the teachings of the Master.

This is unfortunate because its effect is to encourage people warned off the new fad ther-

apies into the old fad therapy. It is also unfortunate because Rosen's loyalty makes it impossible for him to put the new fads in historical context, to understand that they have sprouted so outlandishly because of the failure of the Freudians to develop intellectually in any but the most trivial sense.

Freud is truly the founder of modern psychology and an understanding of his thought is essential to an understanding of those who have come after him. But he founded a religion, not a science. He exemplifies in extreme form the problem so richly illustrated by the founding faddists Rosen discusses: the granitic resistance of psychology to intellectual examination. Shrinks do not seem to think. They feel. After they have felt for a while, they found or settle into followership.

Freud personifies the pattern. In a long lifetime he drove from his circle every apostle with a

capacity for independent thought. He was left with slavish devotees content to ape his techniques and parrot his thinking. Such blind devotees control psychoanalysis to this day. The hulking domination of Freud is the problem with psychology. Things like Est and primal therapy are some of the symptoms.

The extent of the problem is difficult to communicate. It might help to say that if Henry Ford had invented psychoanalysis and Freud the mass production automobile, we would still be hurtling about in Model A's with planetary gear boxes, cranks for starters and thin, vulnerable tires. They would all come in any color so long as they were black.

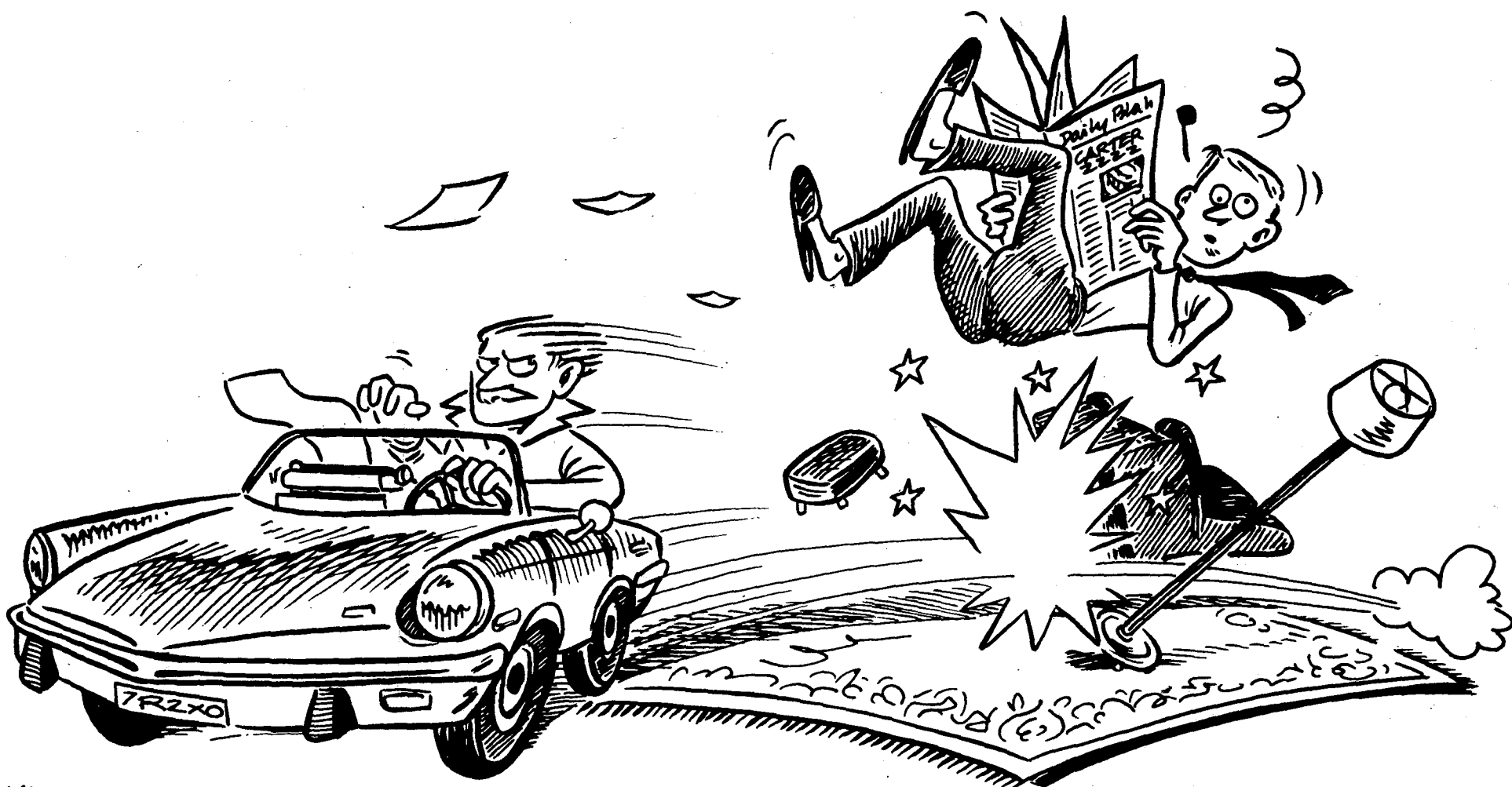
This level of domination is the central mystery of psychology, deepened by infinite repetition, as each Founder who dares to make the leap into his own school proves as hostile to the ideas of others as Freud and as devoted to recruiting toadying disciples.

The scenario does not hold much in the way of hope for people seeking help in the here and now. But it is the way things are in psychology, and the way they will stay until outsiders with the power of conceptual thought and a respect for other open minds force changes.

—Patrick Owens

Patrick Owens writes a column in Long Island's *Newsday*.

Hit and run journalism



O'Rourke 1978

FOR IN THESE TIMES

By Robert Waite
Pacific News Service

When Jimmy Carter's translator fumbled his way through the President's address at Okecie airport in Warsaw, Poland, 166 American journalists were on hand to record the event. The three television networks alone sent 75 reporters and technicians to cover the presidential visit to the world's third largest communist state.

Two days later they were all gone; they'd moved on to Iran. Poland—and most other nations—have no fulltime American correspondents.

The foreign correspondent is in fact a dying species. He or she is, more often than not, overworked, overextended and suffering from a permanent case of jet lag. One day he is asked to be an expert on Eurocommunism, the next on the Russian grain harvest. His copy may be altered by his newspaper or news agency back in the States, and then gutted to fit a four-inch news "hole."

Indeed, overseas reporting is in a pathetic state. And the foreign correspondent would be the first to admit it.

How can this be? The world is shrinking; both transportation and communication have advanced to the point where we are living in a Global Village. Brezhnev sneezes and we hear about it on the 6 o'clock news.

But while electronic journalism (television and radio) has made world news more immediate, it has also largely reduced it to headlines. Television news crews most resemble fire brigades, rushing headlong from conflagration to conflagration.

It makes good television. In most cases it is even good journalism, as far as it goes. The trouble is that it seldom goes far enough. We hear about a coup when it occurs—but we don't learn that everyone in the country had been expecting it for two months.

The roving reporter.

In the old days a resident correspondent, a "print" or wire service man, would have filled in some of the gaps. But that is less and less likely.

The problem, of course, is money. Few newspapers can afford to place a reporter in even the most major of world capitals

today. Even global wire services like AP, UPI and Reuters have been forced to close down some operations and cut back others. A 1975 survey by the Overseas Press Club showed 429 full-time American correspondents working for American news organizations around the world, compared to 797 in 1972. It has been estimated that today there are less than 200 full-time American correspondents permanently based overseas.

The solution, to the extent that it can be called a solution, has been the creation of a new (or at least greatly enlarged) class of journalist: the roving international reporter.

The roving international reporter operates in some ways like his electronic counterpart. He is usually headquartered in a major city—say Moscow, London, Tokyo or perhaps Nairobi or Rio. But his responsibility may extend to three or four countries—or an entire continent.

While most international reporters are certainly competent (and some even brilliant), few can claim to be experts on each and every country they are assigned to cover. Yugoslavia, for example—a country with six republics, two autonomous provinces, three major religions and three major languages—is usually lumped together with "Central Europe" and covered out of Vienna, or occasionally thrown in with "Eastern Europe" and handled by a rover shuttling between Moscow and the West (often Munich).

What emerges, all too often, is a kind of hit-and-run journalism all too similar to the "pack" mentality that has been so severely criticized in the context of domestic American political reporting.

Thus one can seemingly go for years without hearing (or reading) anything about, say, Zaire, and then all hell breaks loose and the flocks arrive.

Covering Poland.

This past year I worked as a foreign correspondent based in Warsaw and covering Eastern Europe. I filed stories on everything from Yugoslav defense capabilities to Radio Free Europe, with an odd piece on Soviet natural gas exploration, the Polish black market, and the decline of West Berlin thrown in from time to time. In other words, I was part of the problem—trying to cover a broad

area on limited resources.

Only a decade or so ago Warsaw was staffed with American correspondents at AP and UPI, and the *New York Times* had a resident reporter (David Halberstam, at one point). Today, the *Times* is gone, both AP and UPI are staffed by Polish nationals and, until my arrival, there wasn't an American in the place.

The UPI reporter, Bogdan Turek, worked without support. I shared his office (taking one of the empty desks, a reminder of more prosperous times) and had an opportunity to witness the hopelessness of his task. He was reporter, secretary, office manager, all rolled into one.

Bogdan was forever behind on the business side of things—hardly a day went by when the wire didn't spew forth some sort of threatening message from Vienna ordering him to do the books or submit a budget or some other damn thing that had nothing to do with gathering news.

The result was that Bogdan seldom was able to move anything but the most urgent, breaking stories. Nor did he have the time to check to see if the version of the story he had obtained jibed with that given by other sources.

A foreign correspondent is seen by many groups and individuals as a vehicle, to be used to fit their purposes. This is especially true in Eastern Europe. Rumor reigns.

Everyone has an angle.

In Poland everyone has an angle—the government, the Catholic church, the intellectuals, the hardliners, softliners, opportunists, ex-German sympathizers—you name it, and you'll find it in Poland. And the place you'll find it, more often than not, is at the door of the Western correspondent.

Take the Committee for the Defense of the Workers, formed in response to the arrest and beating of dozens of workers at the time of the June 1976 food riots. I can safely say that we—those of us representing Western agencies—were all sympathetic towards the Committee. They were articulate, espoused a philosophy which in some ways anticipated the human rights emphasis of the yet-to-be elected Carter team, and represented what

could best be termed the "enlightened" intelligentsia.

We gave their activities a lot of space. So did the hit-and-run types who swooped in and out of Warsaw.

But after a period of this we began to question our coverage. More and more it appeared that the Committee viewed us, the Western press community, as its principal audience. Some checking—by myself and others—showed that very little was known of the Committee outside Warsaw—and indeed outside academic circles within Warsaw—except what some people had heard on Radio Free Europe.

At that point there really wasn't much we could do, aside from toning down our own stories. The adjustment was made but damage had been done. I don't know how many times in the early spring I saw stories written by hit-and-run types—some of whom don't even hit, but instead slapped a Warsaw dateline on a story essentially researched and written in Munich or Moscow—that gave one the feeling that some sort of powerful worker/intellectual coalition had been formed in Poland thanks to the efforts of the Committee.

To be fair, there are some reporters who could come into Poland for a few days and turn out excellent work, but such people are few and far between, which is not surprising when you consider they are asked to do an impossible task.

And Poland is relatively better covered than, say, Africa or Asia.

Any way you look at it, overseas reporting is in trouble. Solutions?

They all would take a great deal of money. Ideally one would like to see a return to the day of the resident, the specialist working on familiar turf. There is also a need for more background reporting, more analysis, more speculative work. Again, all that takes money.

In the short run, don't believe everything you read in the newspapers. Foreign correspondents don't.

Robert Waite, now editor of the North Shore: Sunday in Ipswich, Mass., was PNS' Eastern European correspondent last year, based in Poland.